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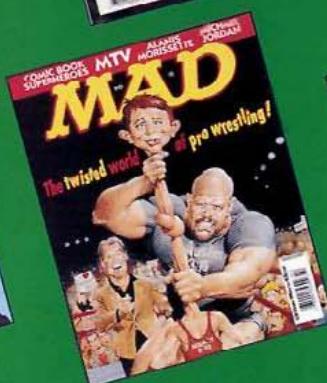
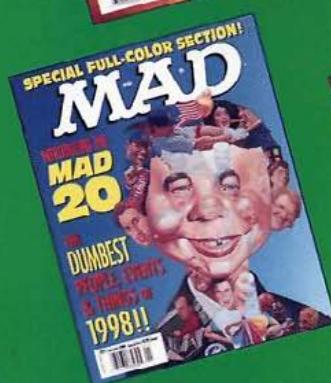
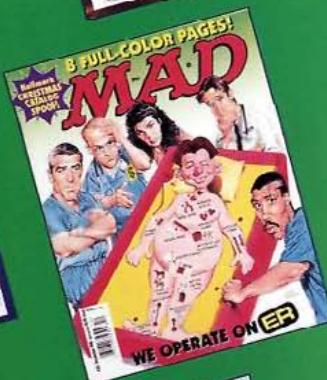
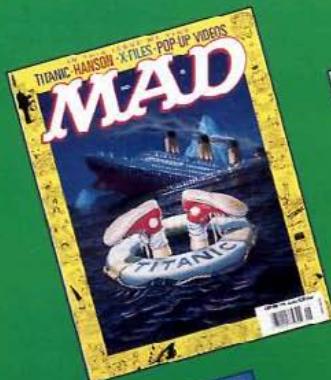
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DEPARTMENTS

GALACTICKLE DEPARTMENT

"Star Roars" (A MAD Movie Satire) 2

STRIFE IN THE FAST LANE DEPARTMENT

One Fine Day in a Galaxy Far, Far Away. 9

SERGIO ARAGONES DEPARTMENT

A MAD Look at "Star Wars" 10

TOYS "R" BUST DEPARTMENT

Star Wars Playsets You May Have Missed 13

TILL DARTH DO US PART DEPARTMENT

"The Empire Strikes Out" (Another MAD Movie Satire) 16

MAY THE FORCE BEAT WITH YOU DEPARTMENT

The Star Wars Macarena 24

TRYING TO RECAPTURE THAT OLD INDUSTRIAL LIGHT AND MAGIC DEPARTMENT

Updating Star Wars for the Future 26

MAY THE FARCE BE WITH YOU DEPARTMENT

"Re-Hash of the Jeti" (Yet Another MAD Movie Satire) 28

CLIP SERVICE DEPARTMENT

Don Martin's "Return of the Jedi" Out-Takes 36

THE STILLS ARE ALIVE DEPARTMENT

Missing Dialogue from The Phantom Menace 39

SPACE OPERA DEPARTMENT

"The Force And I" (The MAD "Star Wars" Musical) 42

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT

"Drawn Out Dramas" by Sergio Aragones **

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GALACTICKLE DEPT.

**IN A GALAXY MILLIONS
OF LIGHT YEARS AWAY,
A BAD EVIL GALACTIC
EMPIRE HAS PLANS FOR
A SUPER SPACE STATION
THAT CAN DESTROY AN
ENTIRE PLANET. LED BY
GOOD PRINCESS LAIDUP,
REBEL FORCES STEAL THE
PLANS...AND A MIGHTY
STAR WAR TAKES PLACE**

That rotten, evil Galactic Empire . . . killing and destroying everything in sight!

Wiping out planets and civilization, I can almost excuse! But when they start picking on poor defenseless movie introductions . . .

Hey, clue me in . . . How do we tell the **GOOD GUYS** from the **BAD GUYS** around here, anyway?!

Simple! The **WHITES** are **BAD!** The **BLACKS** are **GOOD!**

Where'd they get that idea from, Ganoomo Sajo . . . the ruler of Mars?

No, Muhammad Ali . . . the ruler of Earth!

If us **BAD** guys are in **WHITE**, and the **GOOD** guys are in **BLACK** . . . what's our Leader doing dressed in Black . . . ?

You may not believe this, but he hasn't changed his costume in 20 years! It started OUT white, but with all his dirty work . . .

You are now in my power, Princess Laidup! Return the plans you stole, and I'll make it worth your while!

You can't bribe me, Zader! You forget, I'm fearless and honest and decent and incorruptible!

Come on! Where are the plans?

If you must know, I gave them to a pair of robots!

You gave them to a pair of **ROBOTS**!!

I never said I was **SMART**!!



Incredible! Our ship goes faster than the speed of light, and our guns fire almost as fast as the speed of light!

Yeah . . . so guess what just happened! We shot ourselves down!!

What?! You mean to tell me that the In-Flight Movie is Bugs Bunny chasing the Roadrunner up a hill???

What do you expect on a seven second flight . . . "The Godfather"?

How high up into space would you say this ship goes?

Quiet! I'm about to say a prayer before we go into battle . . .

OUR FATHER WHO ART BELOW US IN HEAVEN—
That high, huh?

Boy, these space ships are noisy!! Maybe that's why they call this movie . . .

STAR ROARS

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ.

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL WITH DICK DE BARTOLO

We got away, Bar-Stool! So far, so good! The Princess depends on us! Our mission must not fail!

Beedeepl! Boop! Tweet!

TRANSLATION: If we're both robots, Cree-Pio, how come we look—and talk—so different?

Because I happen to be a magnificent, articulate golden Adonis, and you're a sawed-off, incoherent, stupid sack of bolts!

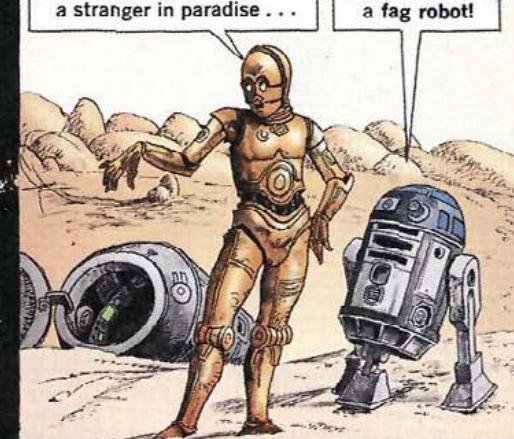
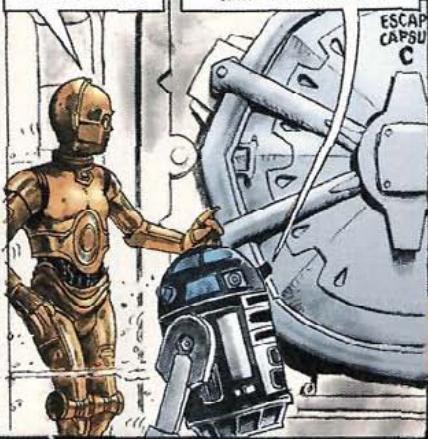
Beedeepl! Boop!

TRANSLATION: I knew there had to be a scientific reason for it!

Goodness gracious, this planet simply screams for some—Je ne sais quoi—in the way of decor! Still, in some ways, it's a veritable Shangri-La! Take my hand, Bar-Stool . . . I'm a stranger in paradise . . .

Beedeepl! Tweet!

TRANSLATION: As if I don't have enough problems, now I'm stuck with a fag robot!



Bar-Stool, we seem to be lost! Oh, dear . . . look what's coming! Fiendish creatures about to tear us limb from limb and commit unspeakable acts of cruelty upon us . . . !

Follow the yellow sand road! Follow the yellow sand road! Follow . . . follow . . . follow . . . follow . . . Follow the yellow sand road!

Beep! Zit! Gack!
TRANSLATION: And then again . . . there's an outside chance they may be Space Munchkins!

Hi, strangers! I'm Lube Skywalker! I'm a senior at Buffoon Tech, where I major in Incredible Space Heroics!

Gracious, there couldn't be any money in THAT field!

You're telling me! That's why I'm minoring in Space Accounting! Hey, anyone ever tell you you look like an "Oscar"???

Take a good look! With your performance in this film, it's as close as you'll ever get to an Academy Award!



We need help! It's our Princess! She's in terrible trouble! I'm now going to press a button on my companion here, and an image will appear with a message that may mean life or death for the entire universe! Here goes ...

Welcome to "Hollywood Squares"!

Whoops! Wrong button! Don't tell me you get THAT thing up here too!

Yep! There's no way you can keep it out!

Ah, here's the Princess now!

Save me, Oldie Von Moldie ... wherever you are! You are my only hope! Otherwise, millions of people will be wiped out in a holocaust, the likes of which civilization has never seen!

Is that her whole bit? Just that?

No, actually she closes with a saxophone solo that'll blow your mind! But you get the idea! Lube, you must help us find Oldie Von Moldie!

Hop in my space car!

Look! There's Oldie Von Moldie! Many years ago, my Father and he were Military Pilots together! Now, he's 97 ... he can hardly see ... and his hands shake terribly!

What does he do now?

What else? He's a Commercial Airlines Pilot!

Oldie, Princess Laidup is in the hands of that rat, Zader! We haven't a moment to lose!

Eh? What's that? You say you want to go up to my flat later and sing the blues??

He doesn't seem to HEAR too well, either!

In his spare time, he moonlights as a Telephone Operator!

Very well, Lube! We will go into town, find us a space ship and rescue Princess Laidup!

But first, I must teach you about the Force ...

The Force? what's that??

It is a Power that is all around us! It is everywhere at all times! It knows all and sees all! It is eternal!

They have something like that on Earth! It's called 'The Internal Revenue Service'!!

Hold it! Let me see your I.D.!

He doesn't have to show you his I.D.!

He can go about his business!

Gee, Oldie, how did you do that?

The Force gives you power over weak minds!

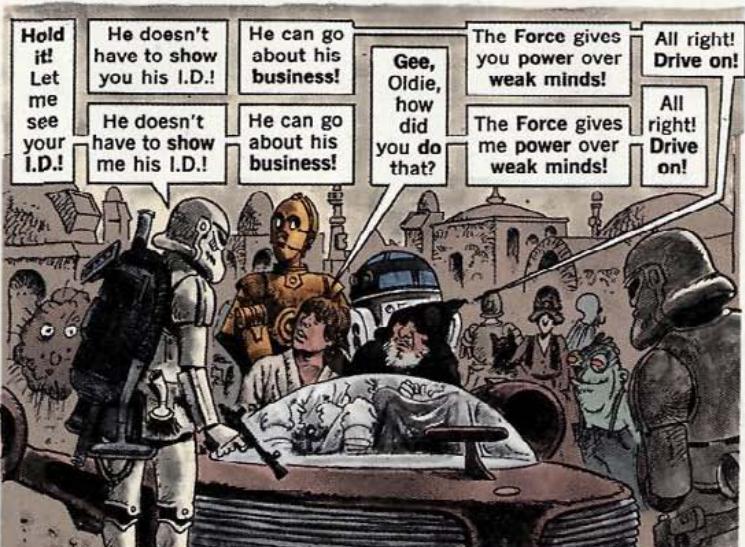
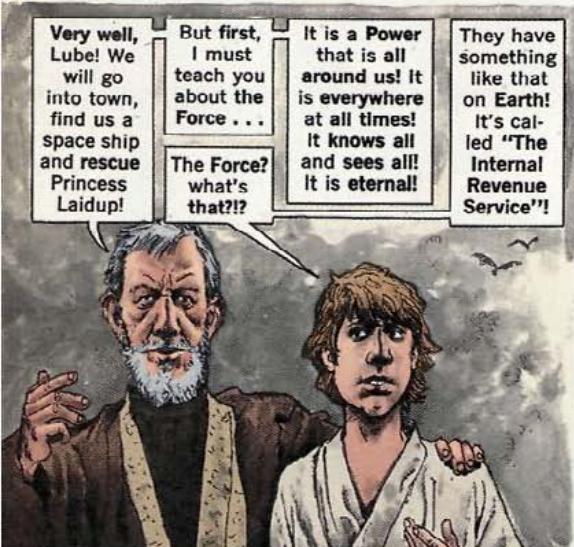
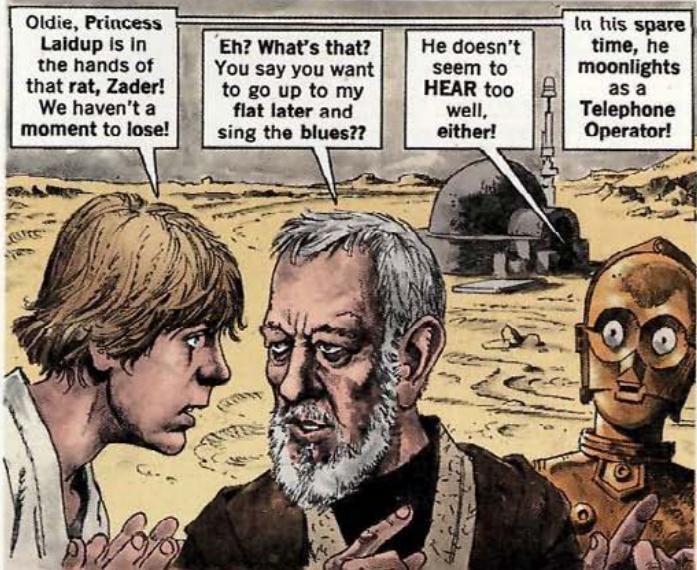
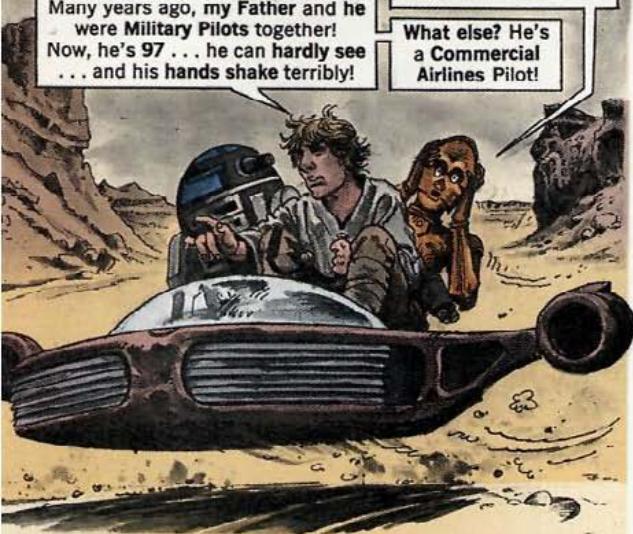
All right! Drive on!

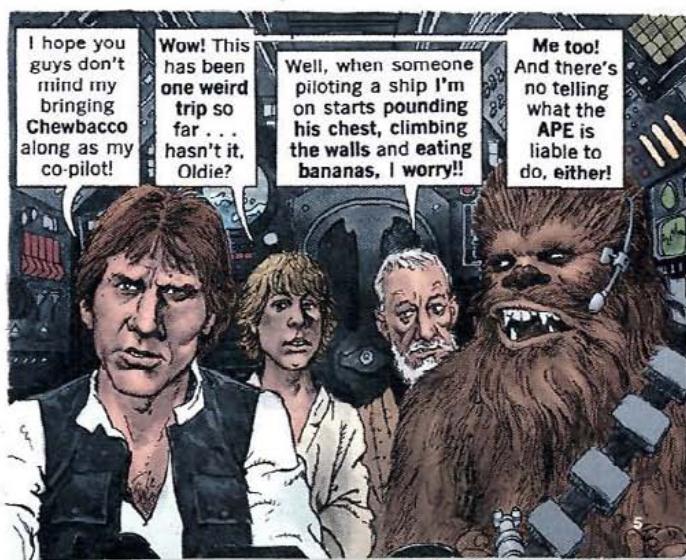
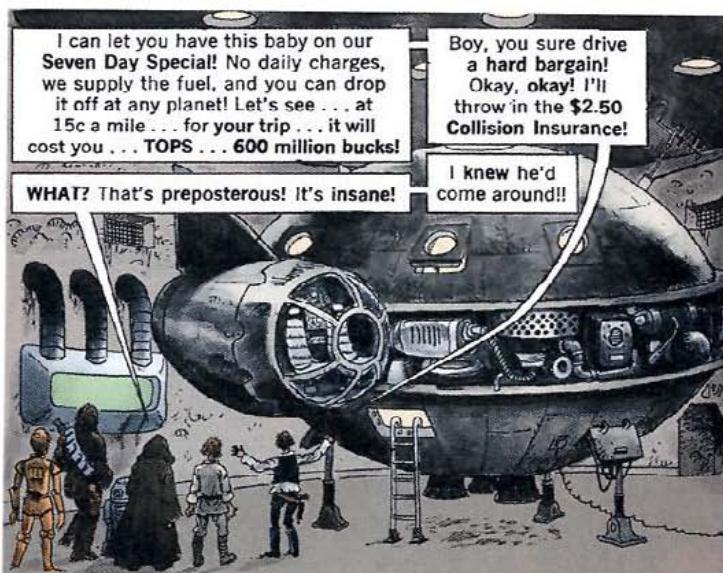
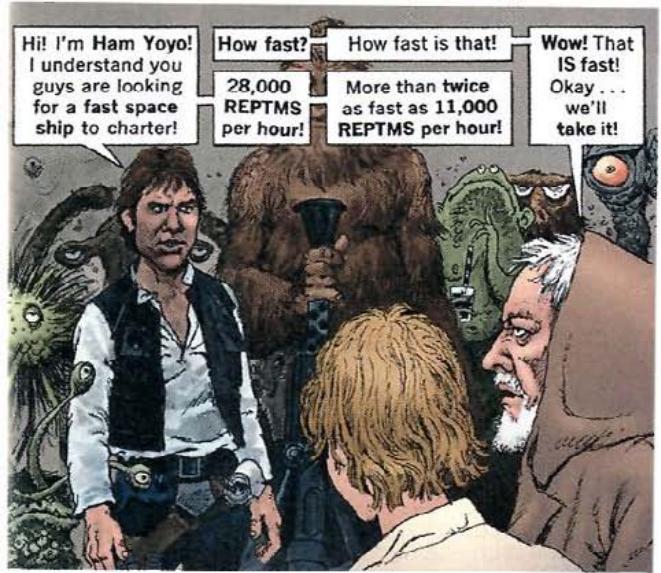
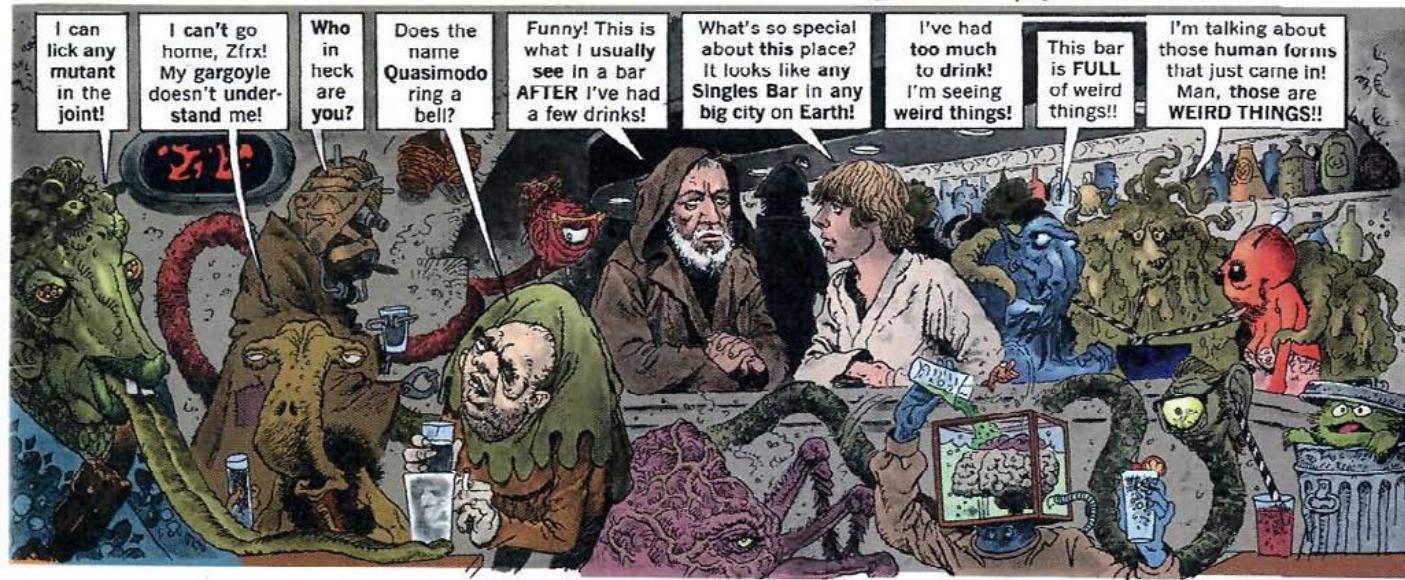
He doesn't have to show me his I.D.!

He can go about his business!

The Force gives me power over weak minds!

All right! Drive on!





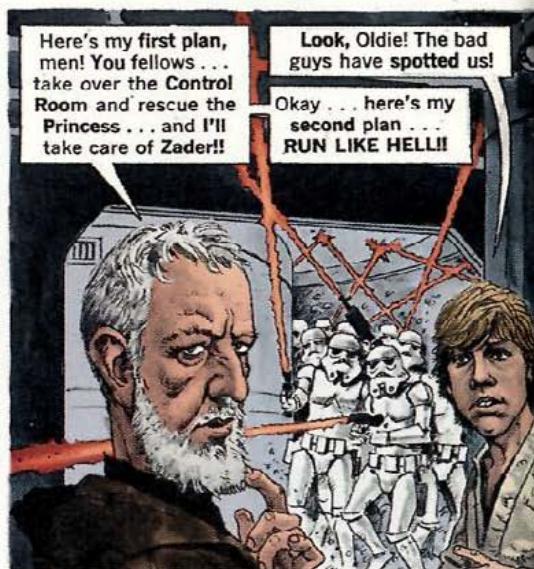
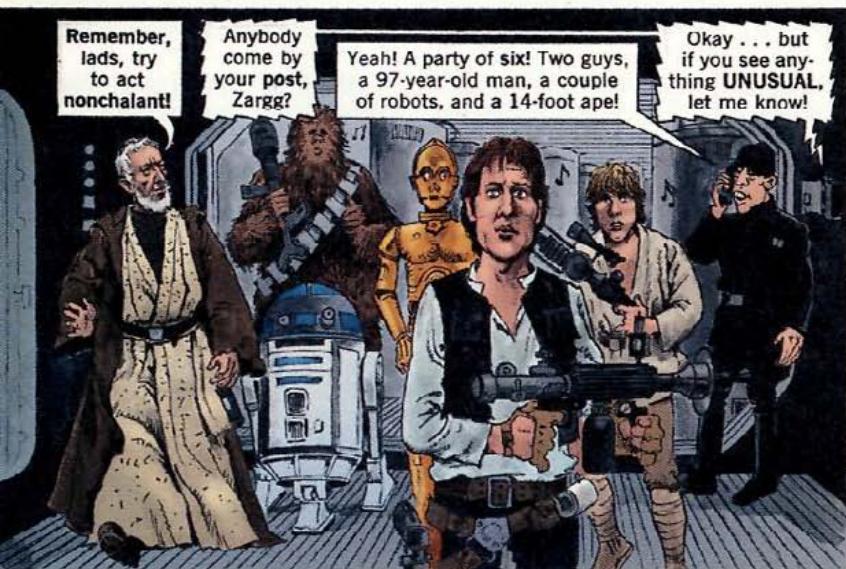
Princess Laidup, you are a prisoner aboard the most advanced space ship in history! It has fire power strong enough to wipe out any planet! It has speed enough to wipe out any enemy! And it has a Symphony Orchestra loud enough to wipe out any audience! Now watch as we destroy that planet ahead!

Excuse me, but I'm from the Electric Company . . . and before you wipe out any more planets, you'll have to pay your bill! You owe us \$4 million in back payments, and that's just for YESTERDAY!!

I suddenly feel a sick sensation in my stomach . . . like a million souls crying out in terror! It's . . . an incredible disturbance, I feel . . .

Perhaps the Death Ship has blown up an entire planet . . . ?

Perhaps . . . ! Then again, it might be the radishes I had for lunch . . . !



Your Highness, I'm Lube Skystalker! I'm majoring in "Incredible Space Heroics" at Buffoon Tech! As my Term Project, I decided to organize an army, find a convenient space ship, rescue you, and fly you six billion miles to safety on the planet, Draidel!

This is madness! You know what happens if you fail?!

Don't even mention it! God . . . who wants to be a Space Accountant?

And what is your reason for doing it, Mr. Yoyo . . . ?

Then I will see to it that you get plenty! I will give you \$20 million!

Well, if you go to Earth, you can buy a pound of Coffee for \$20 million! This is 1999, you know . . . !

Princess, I'm doing it for the money!!

Wow! Just think of what I can buy with \$20 million!



What fantastic luck! Who arranged for you to carry a handy rope on your belt with a hook that happens to fit over that projection so we can swing over this bottomless pit?

Probably the same clever guy who saw to it that 500 sharpshooters could fire at us and miss from a distance of ten feet!

What's happening? Where are we? The walls are starting to close in!!

Great!! We're not only in the world's largest Space Station . . . we're also in the world's largest Trash Compactor!

Well, at least they won't find us here!

And if they DO find us, they won't recognize us! They'll be looking for FULL-SIZED people!!!



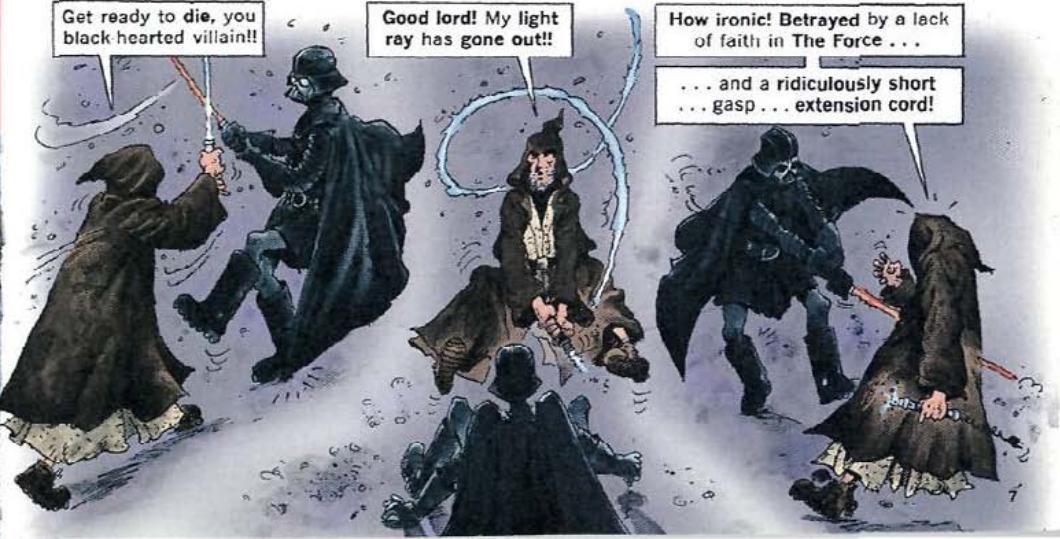
So, Zader! We meet again! Prepare your Light Ray Sword for a duel to the death! I shall triumph because I have The Force!

Get ready to die, you black-hearted villain!!

Good lord! My light ray has gone out!!

How ironic! Betrayed by a lack of faith in The Force . . .

. . . and a ridiculously short . . . gasp . . . extension cord!



Well . . . you did it! You rescued me, you beat up on the bad guys, and now you are about to receive a hero's welcome here on Draidel!

Hello, people of Draidel . . . !

Terrible news, your Highness! Zader is boiling mad, and now he's about to destroy the whole universe! We need a courageous pilot to save us!

Lube, I have a favor to ask you . . .

Goodbye, people of Draidel!

The enemy is breaking through our defenses, Sir! They're using small one-man ships! We never planned on being attacked by anything that small!

I can't believe it! We build the most advanced space ship in history, and nobody thought about putting SCREENS on the windows??!



Remember, I am with you, Lube!

Do you feel my presence!

I know that, Oldie!

More than that, I feel your weight!

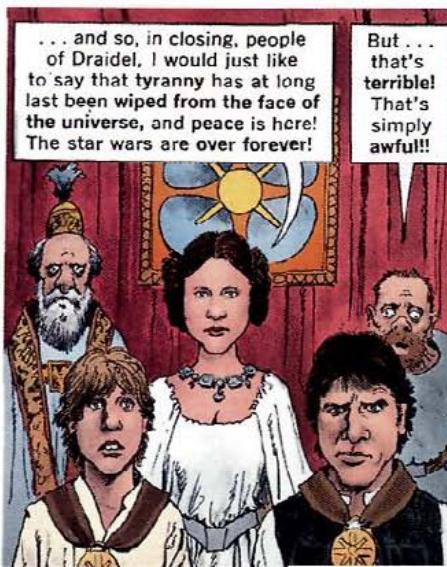
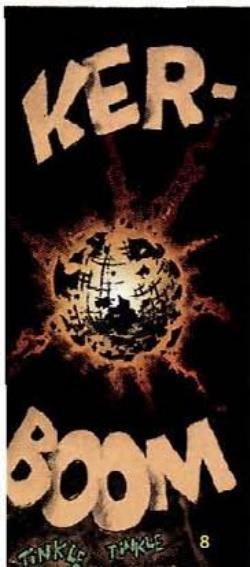
So will you please get off my space ship! It's only built for one . . . and you're going to make me crash!

Besides, time is running out! We must penetrate their defenses, enter the target shaft, and fire on the exact spot that will start a chain reaction!

But how will you know where that exact spot is?

It's a one in a billion chance!!

Wait a minute . . . !! That may JUST be it!!

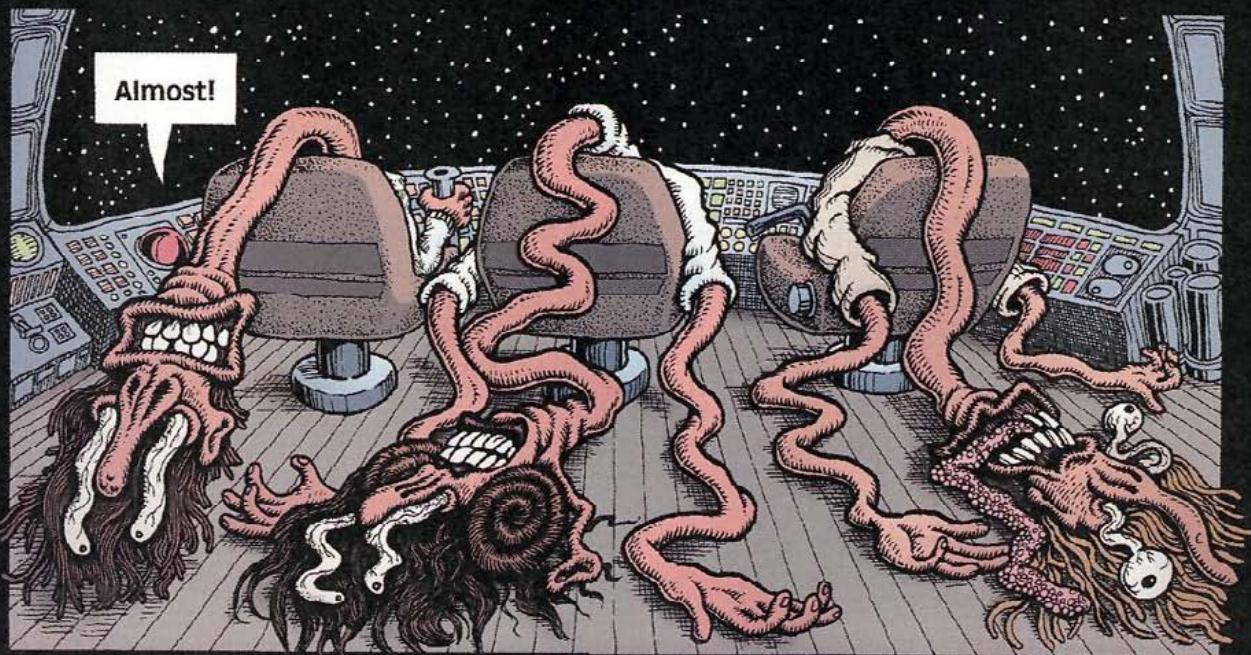
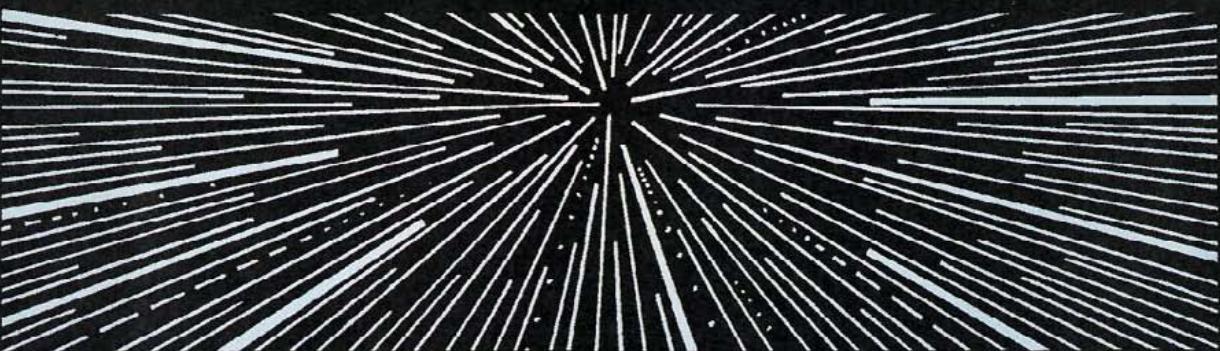


STRIFE IN THE FAST LANE DEPARTMENT

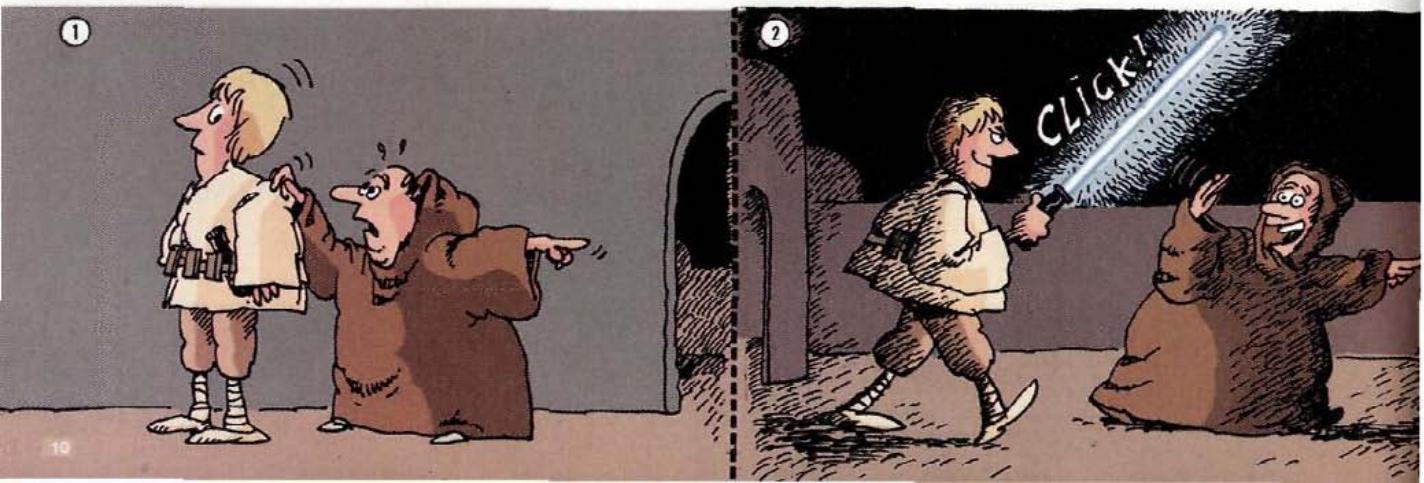
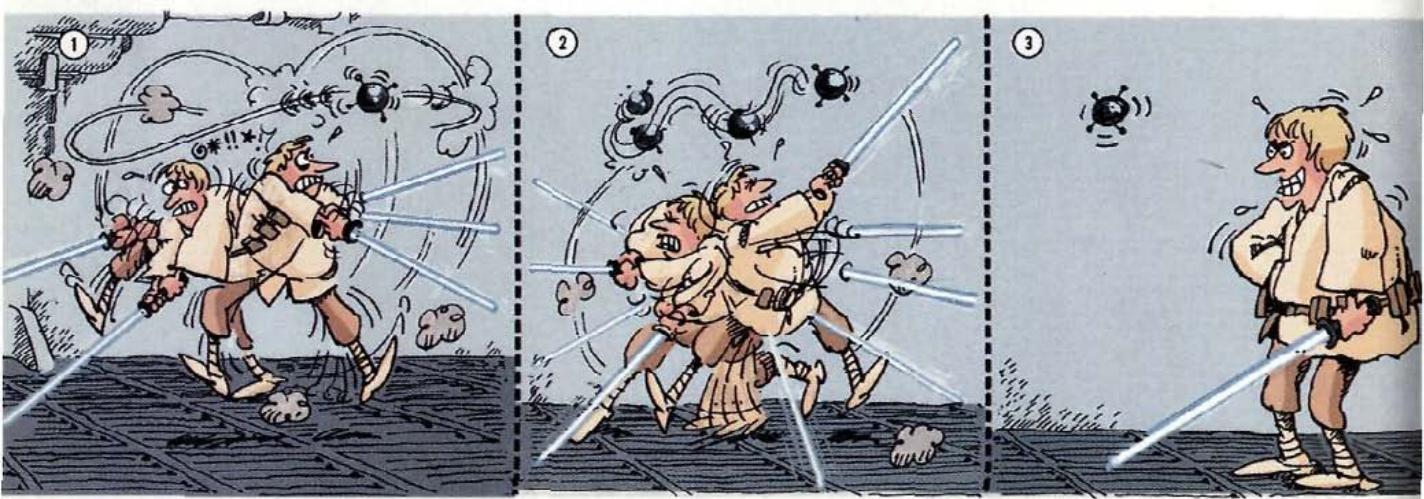
ONE FINE DAY IN A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY

ARTIST: MONTE WOLVERTON

WRITER: DUCK EDWING

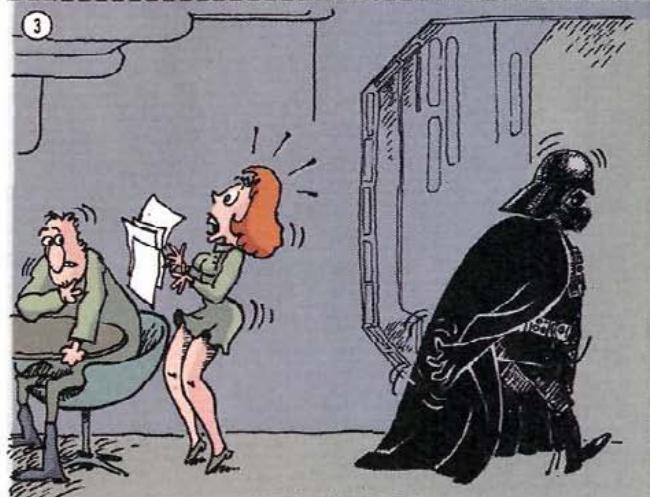
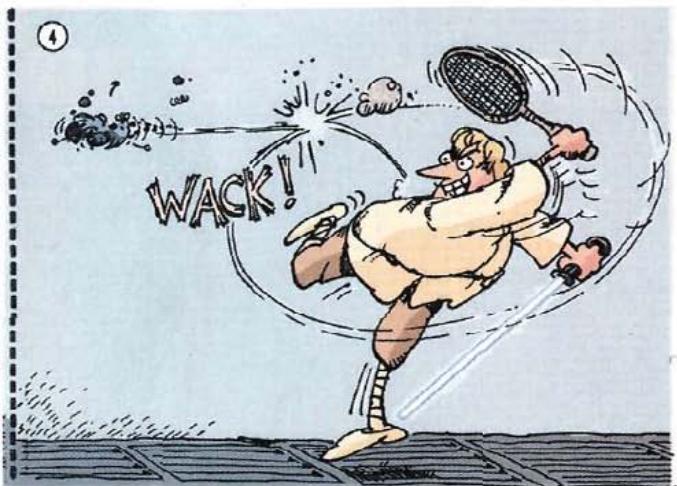
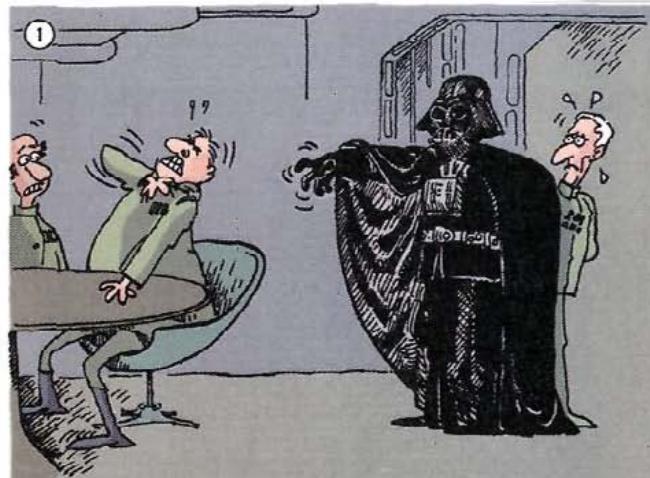
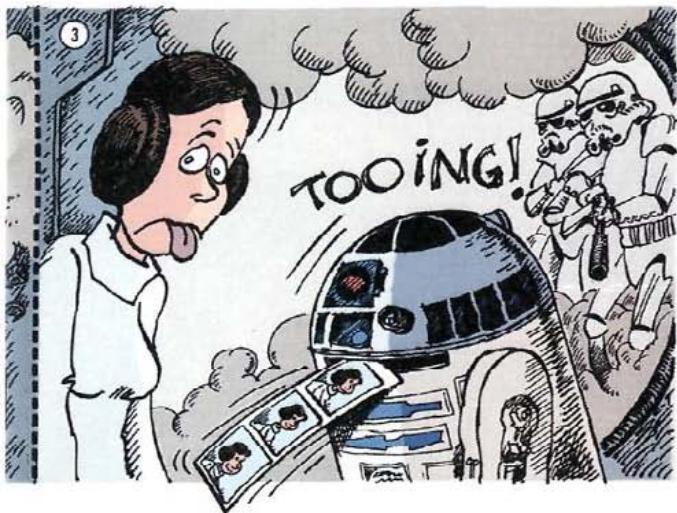


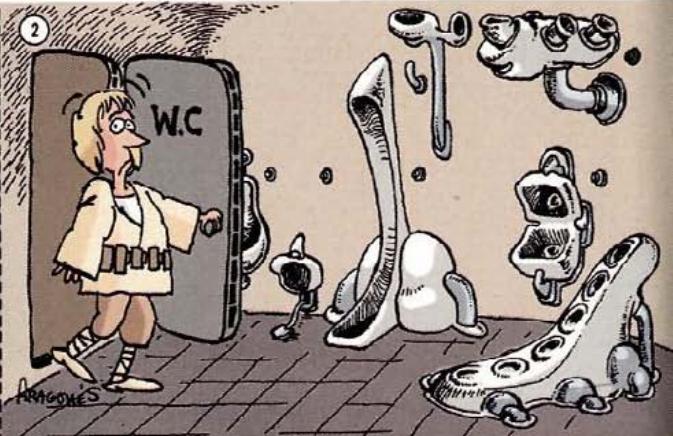
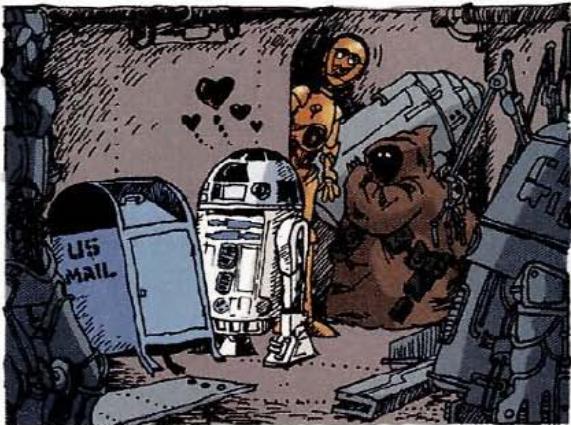
A MAD LOOK AT



"STAR WARS"

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



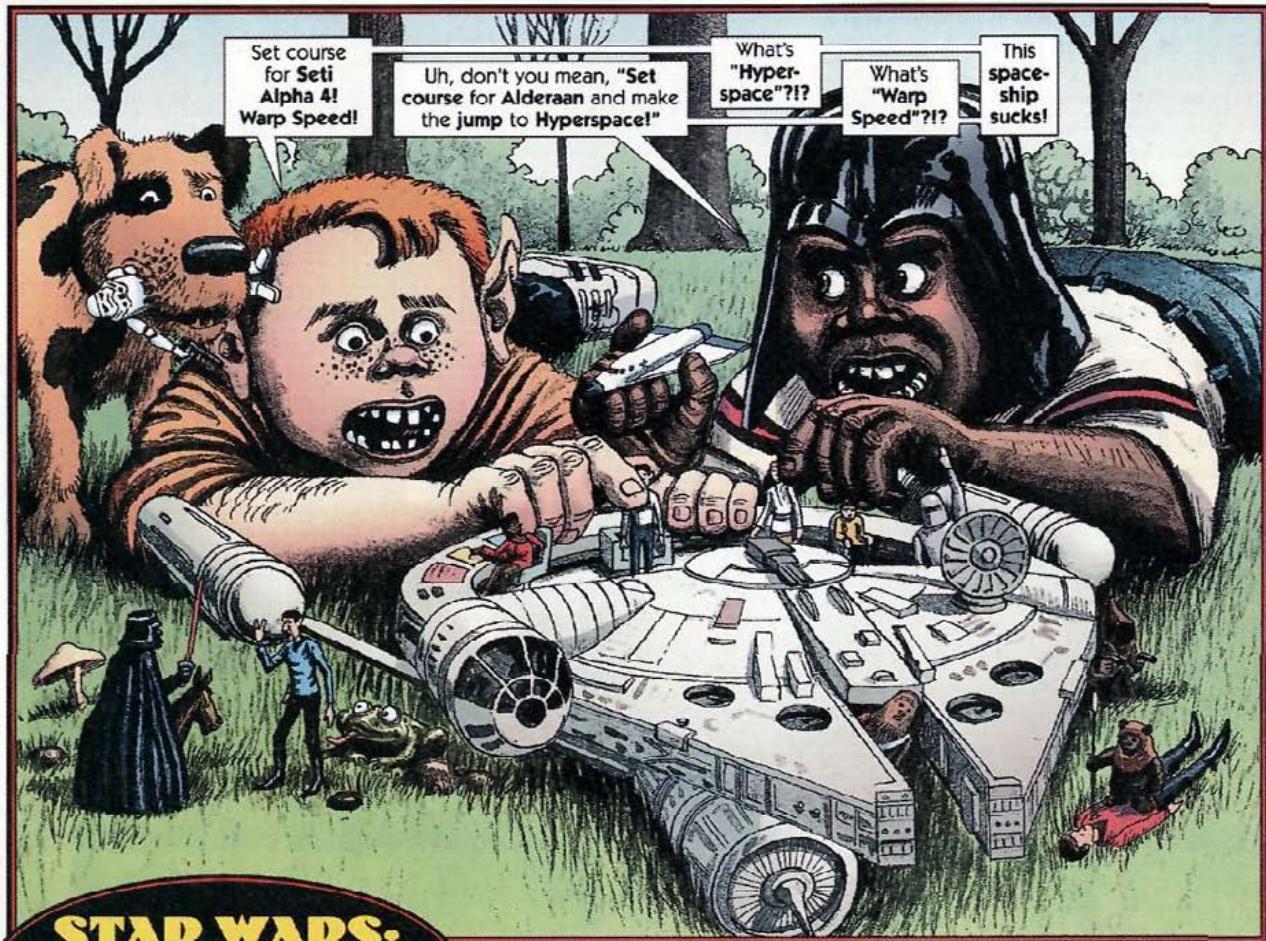


When a filmmaker like George Lucas sets out to create a work that will bear his name, he has but one lofty goal, one higher plane he hopes to reach — making money! And lots of it! It's no surprise that a businessman like ol' George figured out that as good as his three *Star Wars* flicks were, the real dough is in the toys! So he licensed playsets and action figures that hop off the shelf faster than you can say "Mommy, I wanna Wookie." But for every successful Millennium Falcon or Death Star toy, there were the lesser-knowns, the also-rans, the unwanted merchandising items like these...

STAR WARS PLAYSETS YOU MAY HAVE MISSED

ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA

WRITER: DAVID SHAYNE



STAR WARS: THE FINAL FRONTIER

At first blush, it seemed like a good idea: combine the two most popular science fiction franchises in motion picture history — *Star Wars* and *Star Trek* — to create the ultimate toy spaceship, the Millennium Enterprise. But bringing these two unrelated universes together only confused and frustrated kids! Who commands the ship, they asked, Luke or Kirk? Is that load of blubber in Sick Bay Jabba the Hutt or Scotty? Is that Kirk's real hair, or is Chewbacca shedding again? Who knows? Who cares? Certainly not the toy-buying public, which avoided this plastic monstrosity like a lice-infested Ewok!

Bay Jabba the Hutt or Scotty? Is that Kirk's real hair, or is Chewbacca shedding again? Who knows? Who cares? Certainly not the toy-buying public, which avoided this plastic monstrosity like a lice-infested Ewok!

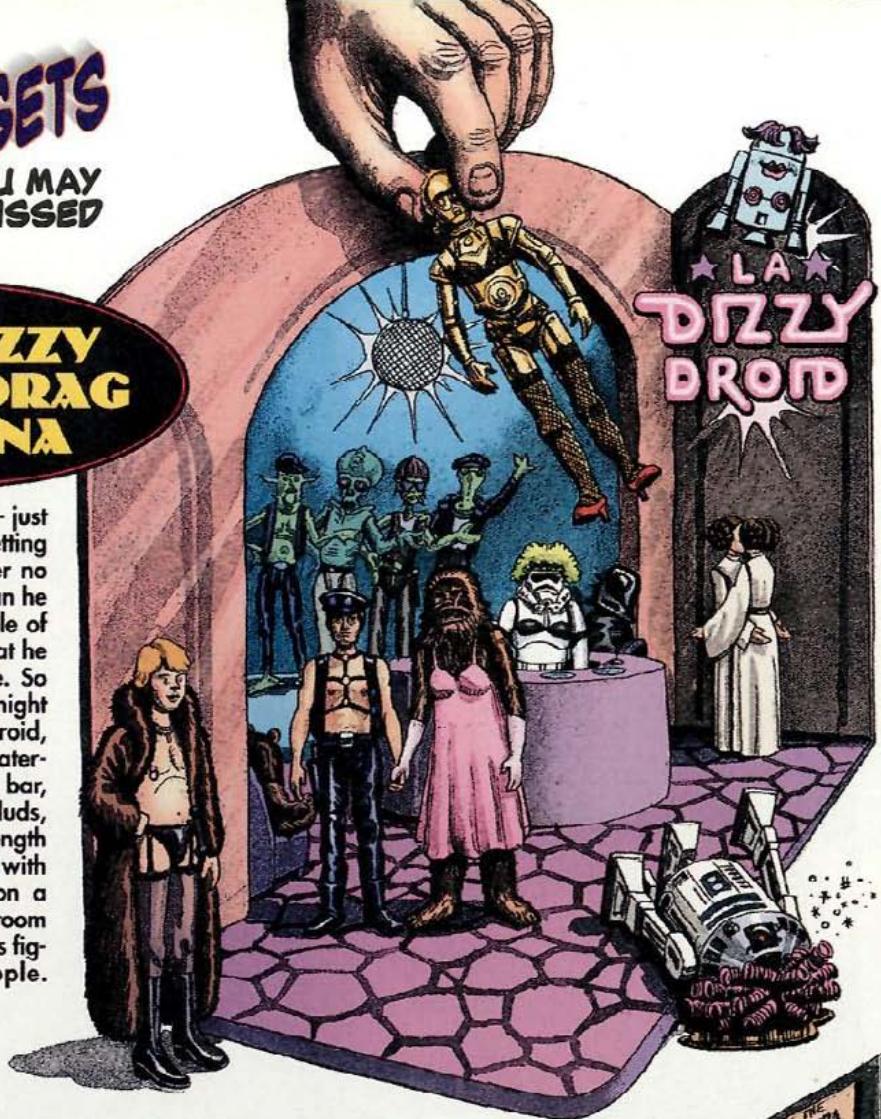
STAR WARS PLAYSETS

YOU MAY HAVE MISSED

THE DIZZY DROID DRAG CANTINA

Saving the galaxy ain't

exactly a spacewalk in the park — just ask Luke Skywalker! Between getting his hand cut off (by his own father no less) and finding out that the woman he loves is his sister, Luke has a couple of emotional skeletons in his closet that he needs to let out from time to time. So where does a frustrated Jedi Knight head to cut loose? To the Dizzy Droid, the Empire's only "alternative" watering hole. At this intergalactic drag bar, Luke can put away his drab pilot duds, throw on his best Versace floor-length Wookie fur coat, and have a drink with other "space" explorers! Based on a Star Wars scene left on the cutting room floor, this playset includes four bonus figures: the Extraterrestrial Village People.



AL'S IMPERIAL JIFFY LUBE AND GARAGE

Meet Al Mertz, Mechanic to the Empire. This poor action figure has the unenviable task of doing all the unpleasant-but-necessary dirty work that keeps a galaxy running! From scraping the corpses of Rebel pilots off the feet of an Imperial AT-AT Walker to cleaning up TIE Fighters whose pilots couldn't quite stomach the jump to Hyperspace, Al's done it all at his garage. Playset features a working turbo lift, lube station and landspeeder bay. Deluxe set also includes three action figures: Al, Hank-G48 and Fred-bot, Al's two drunken assistant mechanics, with real cursing action!



CHEWBACCA'S INTERGALACTIC FUR HUT

The au courant Wookie or Ewok in search of a hip, new image need look no further than this trendy salon in the heart of the Empire's fashion district. From Milan to Alderaan, Chewie's head stylist Tonytron (known to his friends as the Jedi Master of Haircuts) travels the galaxy to hire haircutters who know the latest in body-hair braiding and mane styling. French Poodle cuts, David Schwimmer-style Caesars or Tonytron's special, the Grand Coif Tarkin — they're all available at Chewbacca's Intergalactic Fur Hut! Combination lightsaber/hair clippers not included.



YODA'S SWINGIN' PAD

Sure, in *The Empire Strikes Back*, Yoda lived in a dingy swamp, but when he isn't training Luke how to kick some stormtrooper ass, Yoda likes to chill somewhere a little more chic than a slimy, bug-infested mudhole. And that somewhere is Yoda's Swingin' Pad, the kind of laid-back bachelor apartment where a three-foot, 900-year-old muppet can entertain the ladies in style. With Yoda's Swingin' Pad, kids will learn how to woo the babes — and they'll love playing with Yoda's margarita mixer, mirrored bed and an actual, working condom machine! As the Jedi Master himself says, "A special way I have with the ladies!"

JABBA THE HUTT'S BATHROOM

After sitting around all day eating that greasy Tatooine food, where in the palace does Jabba go to ease his 30' colon? The "throne room," of course! Technicians from Industrial Light and Magic spent months digitizing the seven realistic bathroom noises this playset makes, such as the sound of Jabba after he's had a little too much bran. Set includes intergalactic toilet with real Hyperspace flusher! Stormtrooper Washroom Attendant and Janitor figures with gas masks sold separately.



A couple of years ago, they made a movie called "Star Wars." It was a smash hit, so they announced that they would make a sequel. Everybody thought it would be called "Star Wars II"...but, lo and behold, they called it "Episode V"! Which means that "Star Wars" was actually "Star Wars IV," and "Star Wars VI" through "X" will be made after "V" but before "I" through "III"! In any case, they'd better surpass this sequel, which doesn't compare to the original! In fact...

Well, Princess Laidup, I'll be leaving now!
The Bounty Hunters are after me! I've got a price tag on my head!

I can SEE that, Ham Yoyo, and believe me, you're not worth that much!

C'mon! Stop pretending you don't care about me...and kiss me goodbye!

I—I would RATHER kiss a YUCKY ... if it weren't for the GERMS!

Oh . . . I think the Yucky could handle your germs!!

Please . . . ! Stop all this bicker-
ing!! Must you two always act
as if you're MARRIED . . . ?!

Bleep . . . Breet

Besides . . . ! Bar-Stool says Lube Skystalker still isn't back from patrol, and his chances of survival are only one in 12,345,789!!

Bleep . . . Blap . . . Zheet

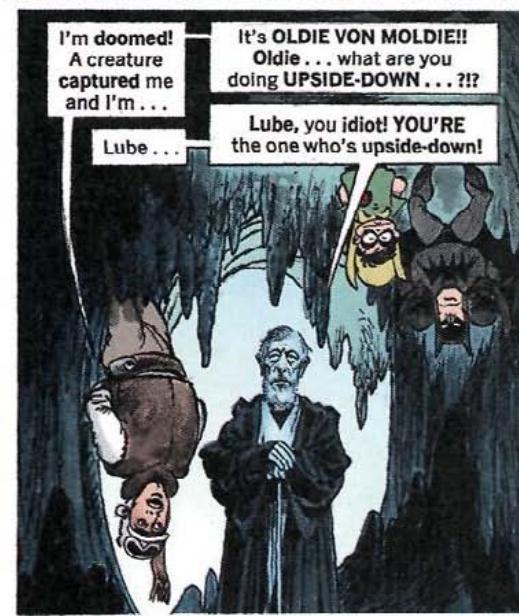
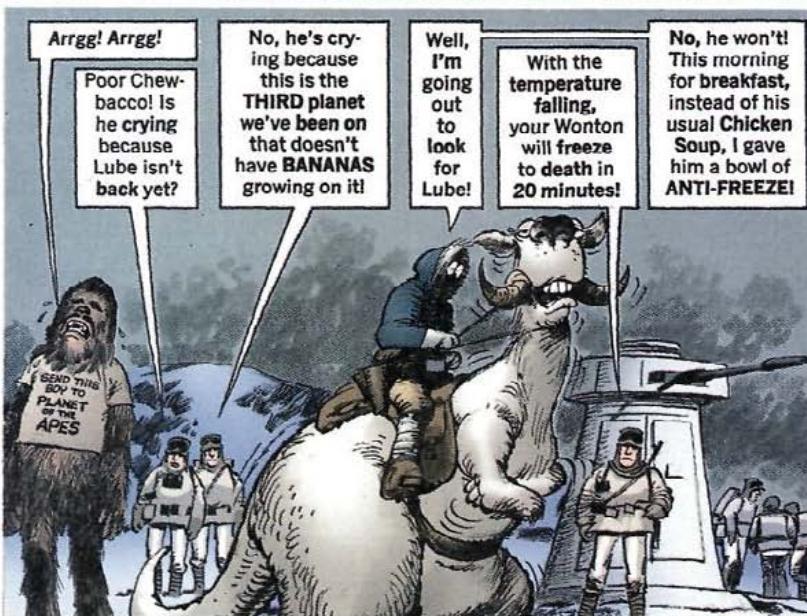
Of course, Bar-Stool's chances of being CORRECT are only one in 12,345,790!



STAR

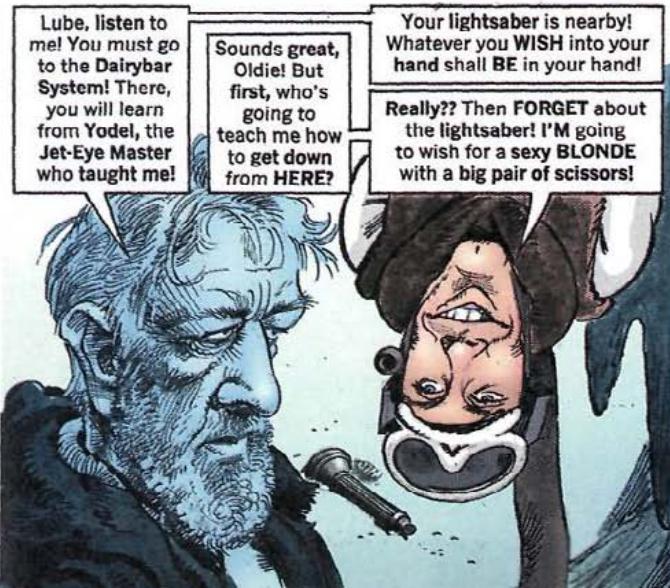
THE EMPIRE STRIKES OUT

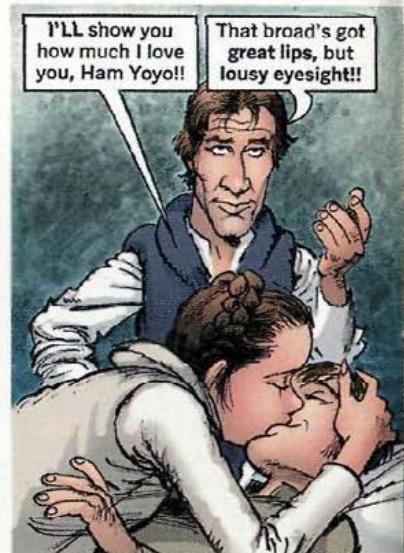
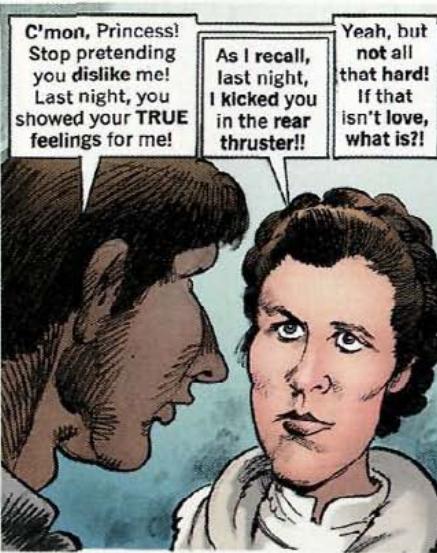
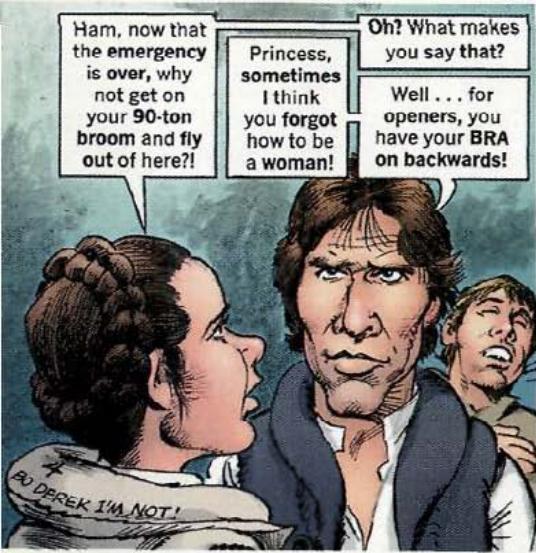
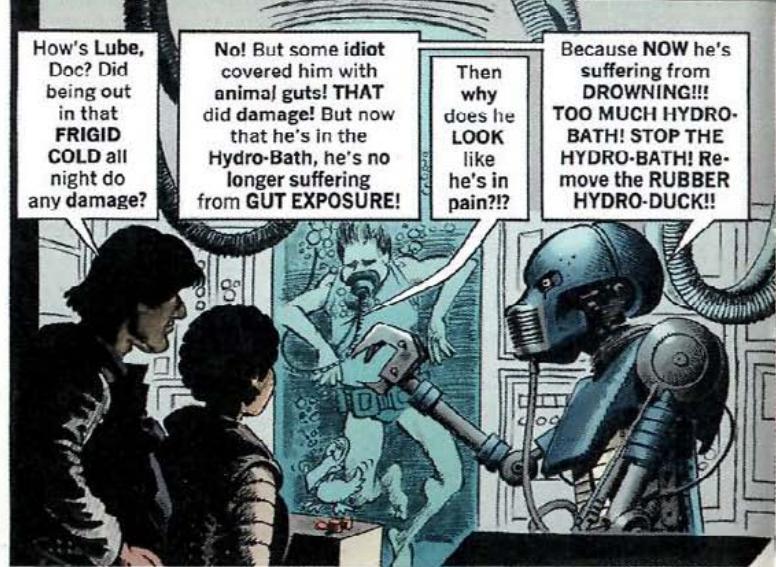
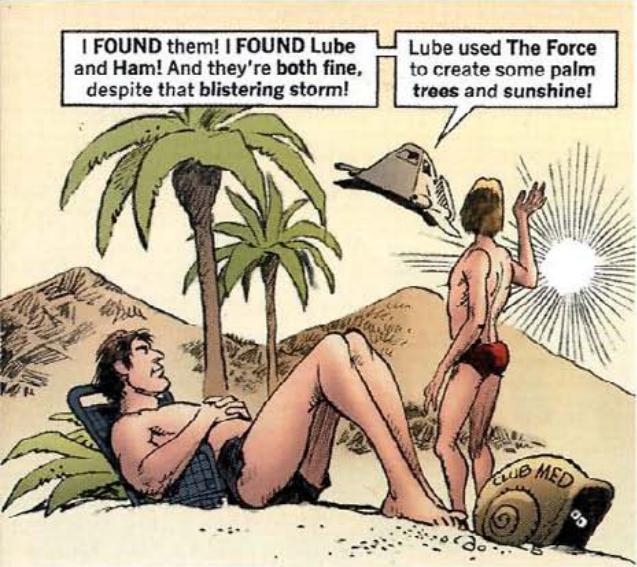
BORES

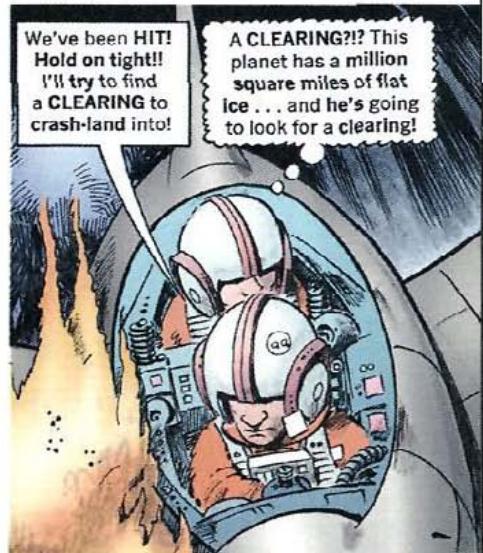
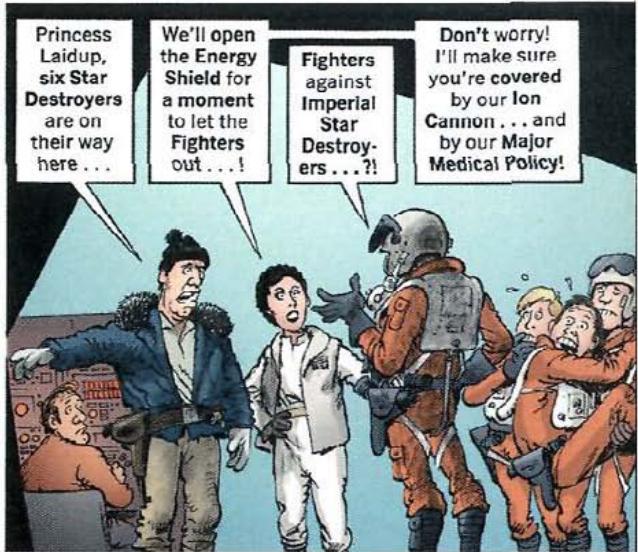


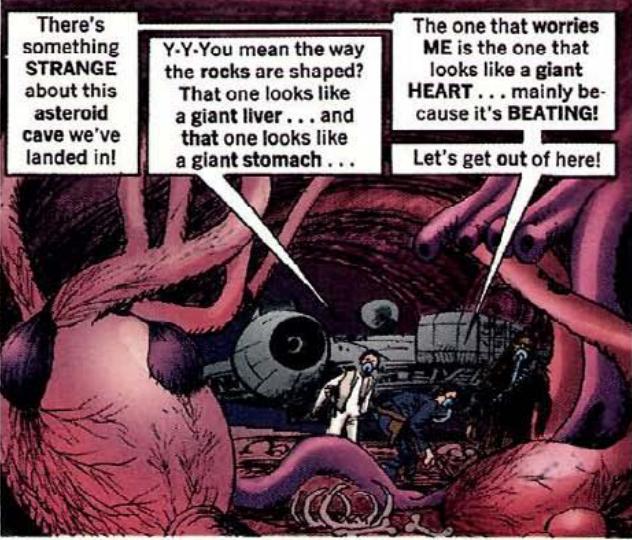
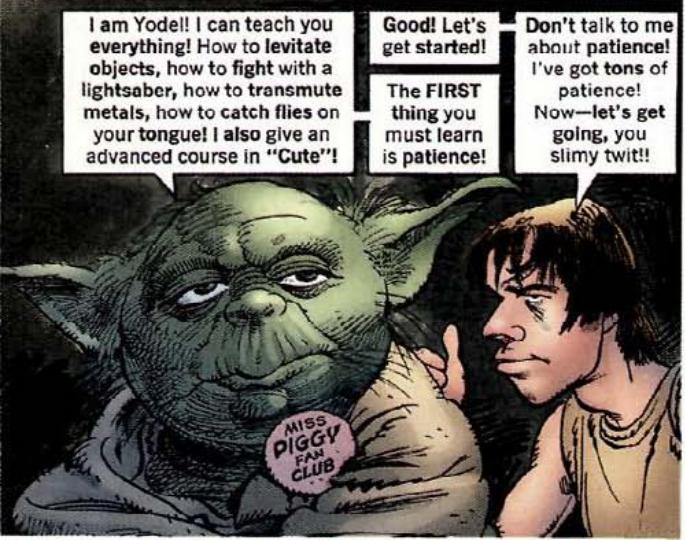
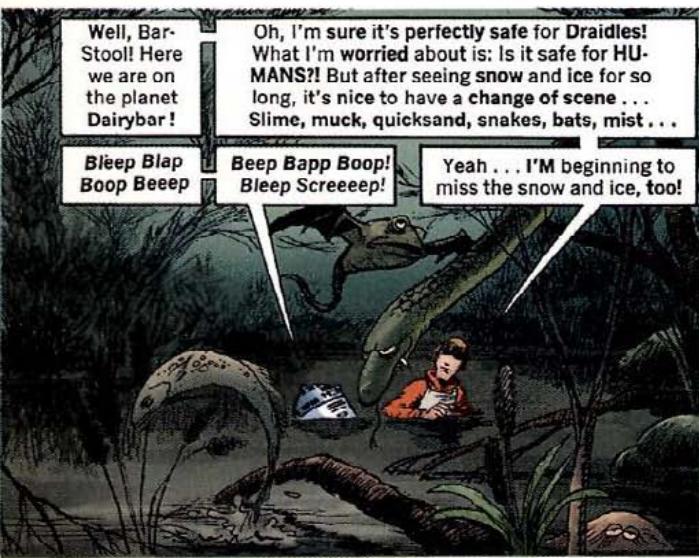
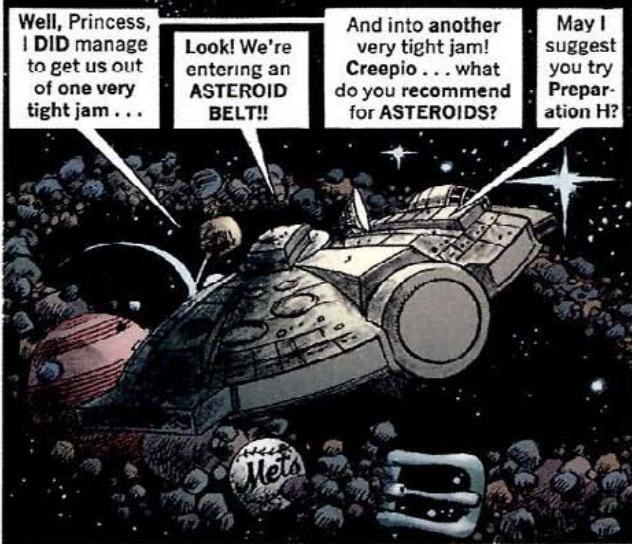
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

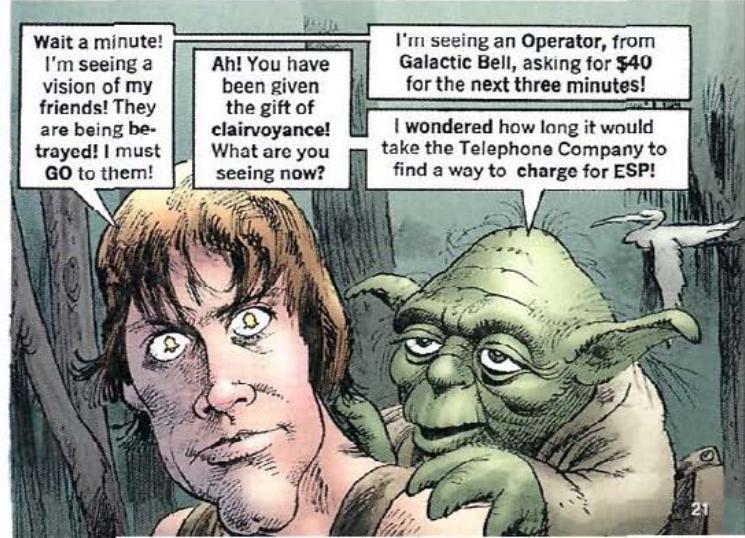
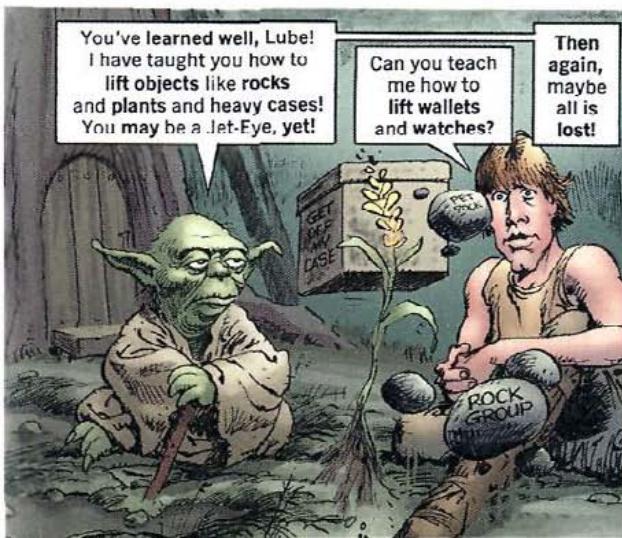
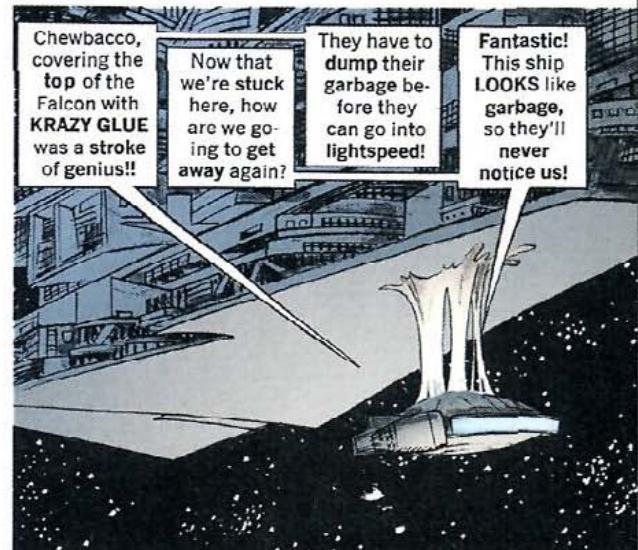
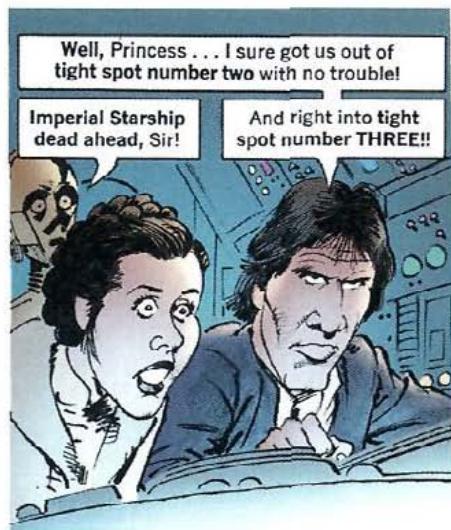
WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

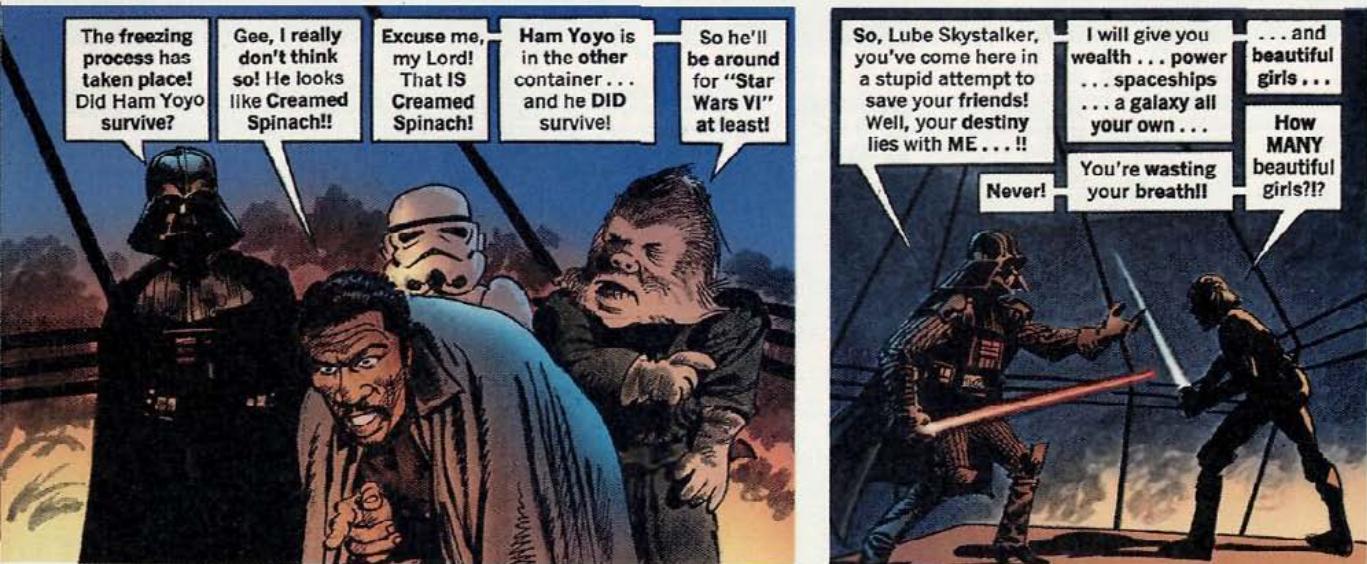
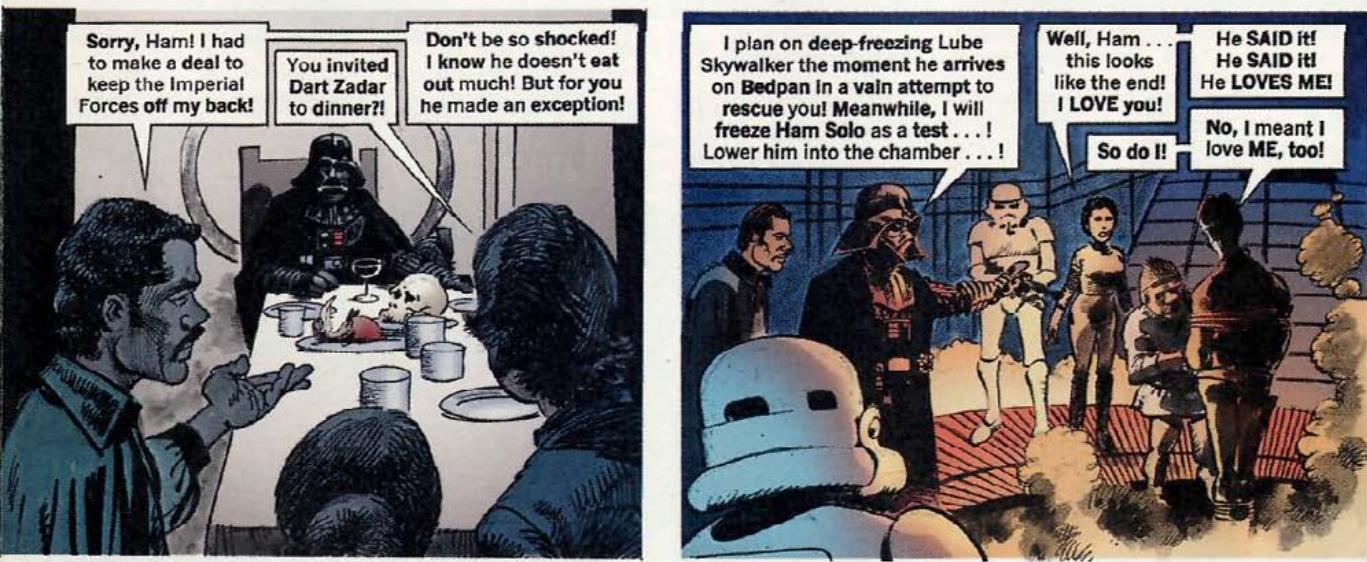
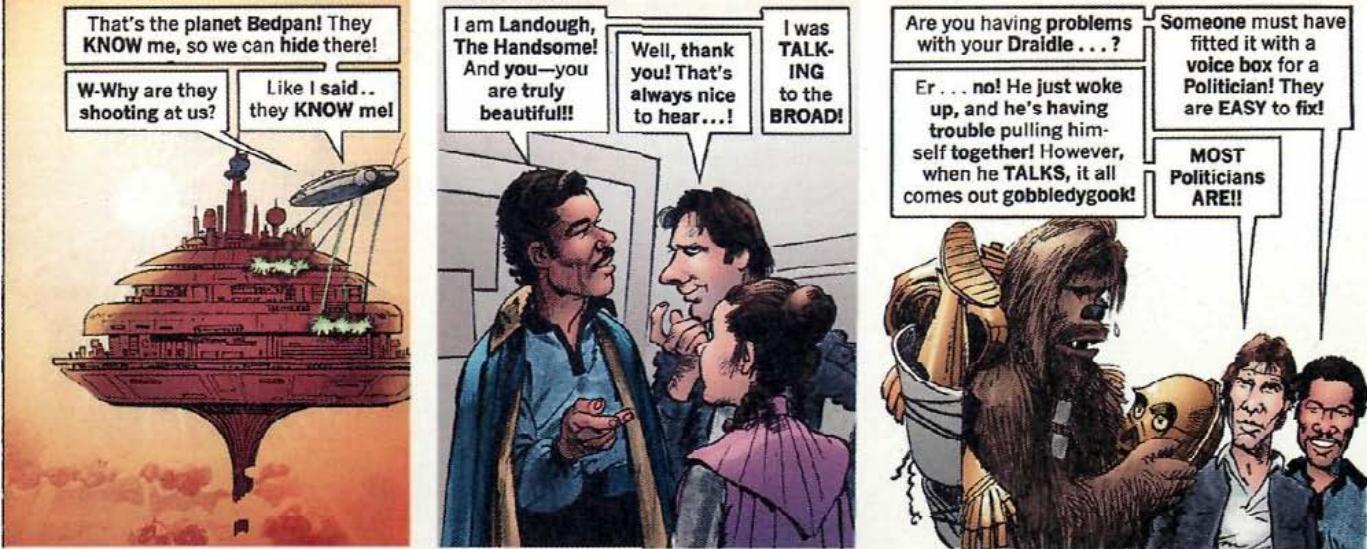


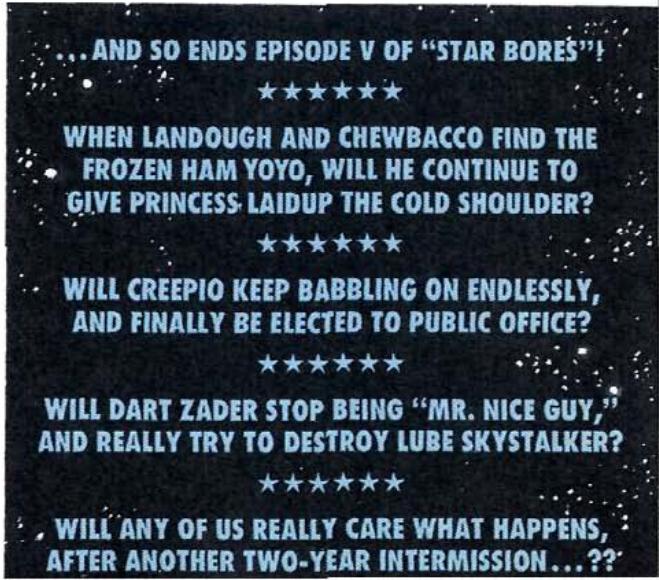
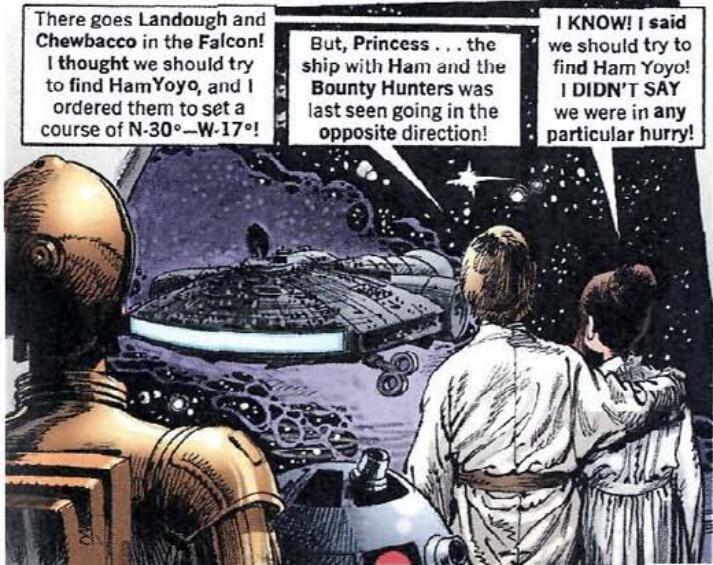
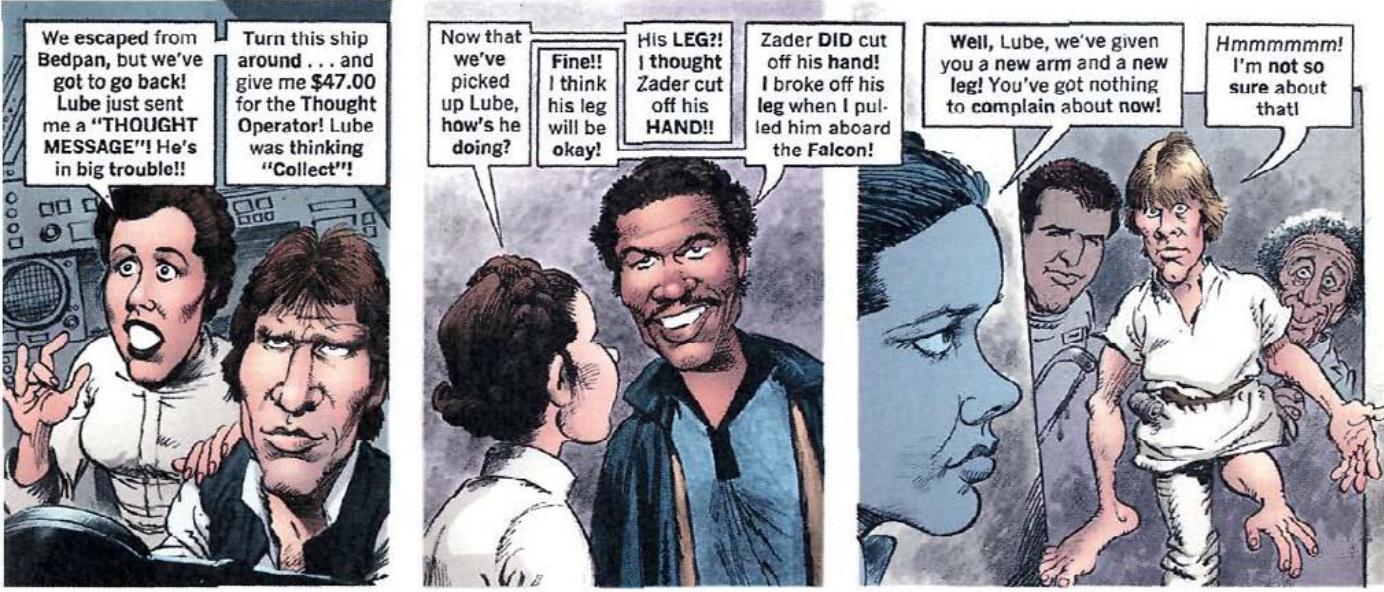
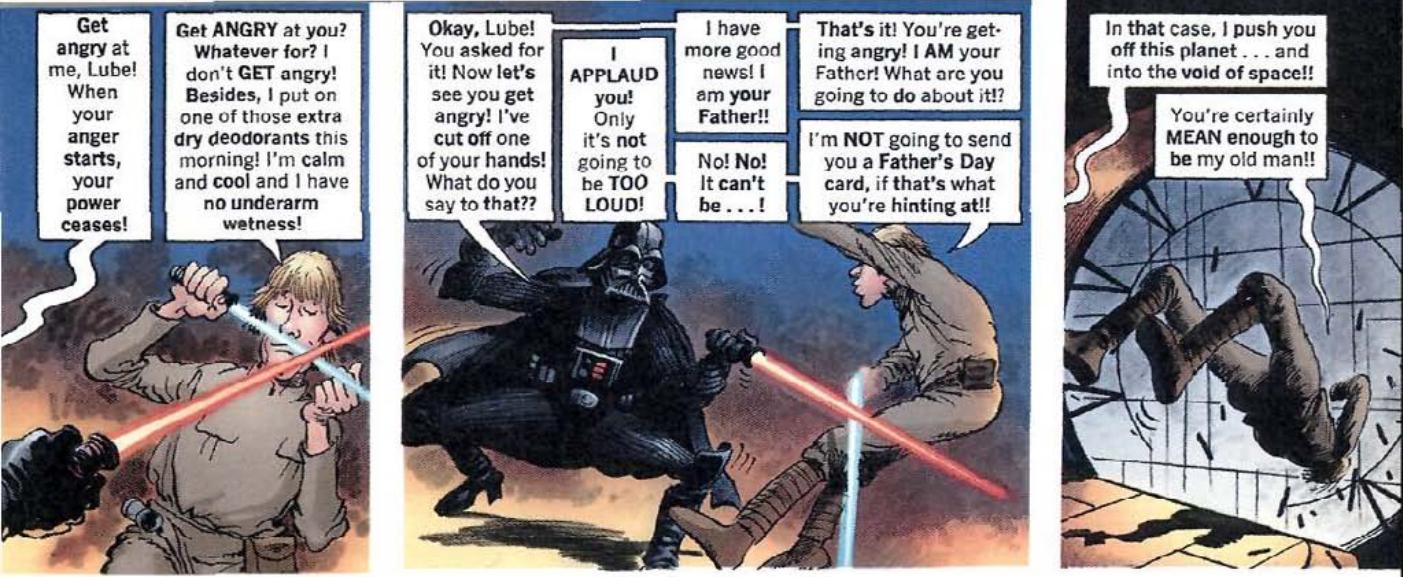












MAY THE FORCE BEAT WITH YOU DEPT.

Hola, los readers! I'm Señor George Lucas, creator of the legendary *Star Wars* movies! This year is the trilogy's 20th anniversary, and I'm cashing in el big-time-o by introducing Luke and the gang to a whole new generation of los gullible fans! And what better way to do it than to ride on the jalapeno-hot coattails of the most popular dance since *The Lambada* (the forbidden dance of love)! So, grab hold of your lightsaber and feel the Force, as we sing the...

Obi-Wan Kenobi, he get by
on Jedi pension!
He now suffer from arthritis –
constipation not to mention!
Try to use El Force-o, brain
all dried up like adobe!
HEY, BEN KENOBI!

Flyboy is Han Solo, hot to
jump on Princess Leia!
But Leia, she play hardball,
never give him time of day-al!
Han no give a damn – soon
Indy Jones his primo role-o!
HEY, FLYBOY SOLO!

Dark Side turn Darth Vader
into deep-space Dr. Death-o!
He turn off Rebels plenty
with his wheezy morning breath-o!
Whole planets he wipe out –
no one to stop him like Ralph Nader!
HEY, EL LORD VADER!

Wookie El Chewbacca show off
shaggy Bigfoot torso!
He member of El Hair Club —
La Rogaine he now endoro!
Han Solo, he comprende
— Wookie lingo mucho screwy!
HEY, SEÑOR CHEWY!

Bimbo Princess Leia she play
hard to get, by golly!
When she strip down to her skivvies,
she one very hot tamale!
Mucho kicks she gets when men
they bow down, and obey-al!
HEY, PRINCESS LEIA!

I THINK
WE'RE DOING
THE LAMBADA.



STAR WARS

A CARNEA

Jedi maestro Yoda he
no bigger than a taco!
Come across like drop-out Muppet –
ears he steal from Mr. Spock-o!
Lives on distant planet –
no one sure of his Zip Code-a!
HEY, MAESTRO YODA!

Luke-o all shook up when
learn Darth Vader Is his padre!
Find out Leia she his sister –
hope that Jabba not his madre!
Mucho stupefied like gringo
bombed out on Sambucco!
HEY, SEÑOR LUKE-O!

Robot Artoo-Deetoo he
computer mucho grande!
So smart that even
Windows 95 he understande!
Glad to show you cyber-porn
once price you both agree to!
HEY, ARTOO-DEETO!

Jabba fat like Limbaugh –
grande glutton roly-poly!
He pig out on compadres –
make them instant guacamole!
Soon el groundo shake-o
with a belicho furioso!
HEY, JABBA GROSSO!

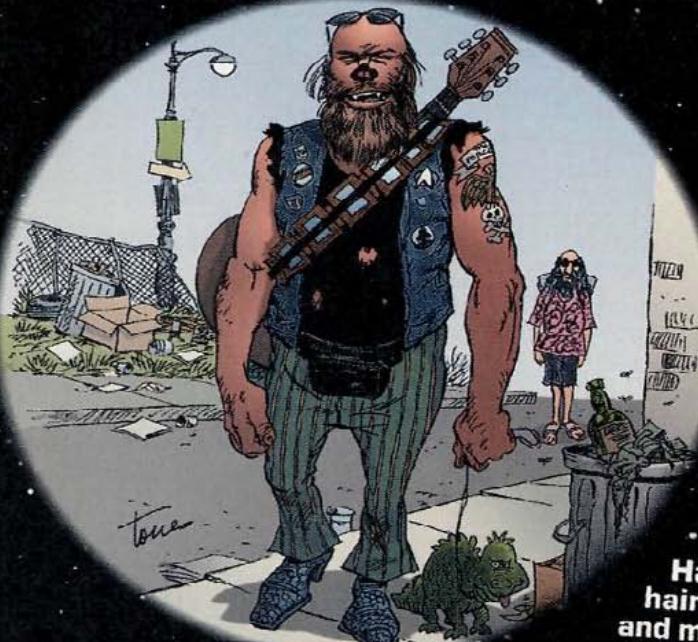
Gabby droid See-Threepio
he big pain in el but-to!
All the time he fuss and worry –
his big mouth he never shut-o!
Other droids they think
a closet gay he just might be-o!
HEY, SEE-THREPIO!



TRYING TO RECAPTURE THAT OLD
INDUSTRIAL LIGHT AND MAGIC DEPT.

Next spring, George Lucas is releasing a version of his *Star Wars* trilogy that boasts computer-enhanced graphics, digitally re-mastered sound and never-before-seen clips from all three movies! In other words, he's going to make the lightsabers orange instead of red, turn up the bass on the soundtrack and add three minutes of scenes that should have stayed on the cutting room floor! Too bad, because Lucas had a golden opportunity to make the *Star Wars* trilogy much more *au courant*! Instead of sitting at his ranch counting up the profits from action figure sales, maybe our buddy George could have taken our suggestions for...

UPDATING STAR WARS FOR THE FUTURE

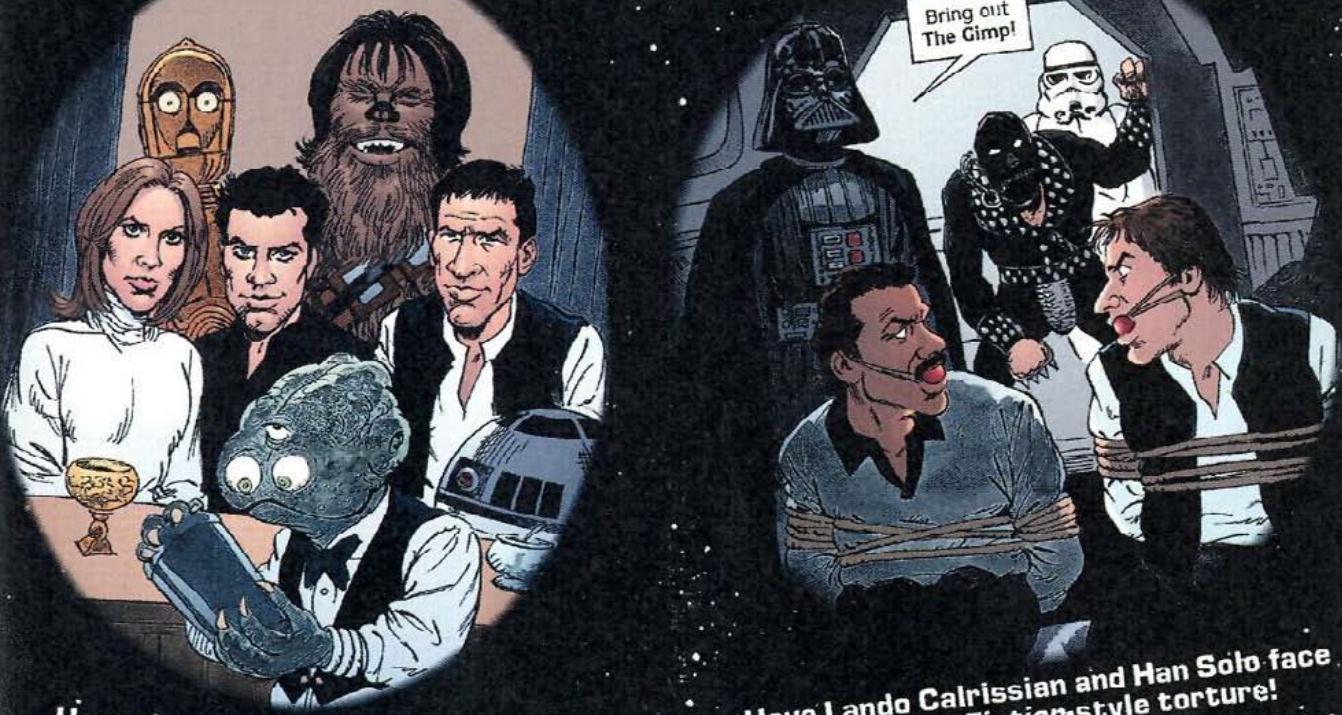


Have Luke Skywalker use R2-D2 to gain access to cyber-porn!



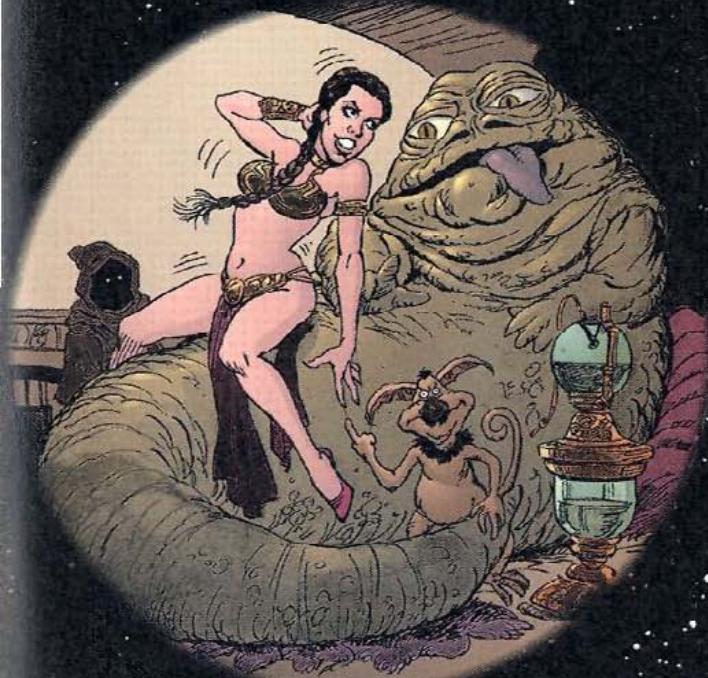
Instead of "May the Force Be With You," change the *Star Wars* slogan to something a little more contemporary!

Have Chewbacca shave his body, get a tattoo, pierce his nose and move to the East Village!



Have the whole gang hang out in a galactic coffee shop, and give them all haircuts like the cast of *Friends*!

Have Lando Calrissian and Han Solo face some *Pulp Fiction*-style torture!



Have Princess Leia perform a lap dance on Jabba the Hutt — assuming she can find his lap!



Turn Yoda into a foul-mouthed couch potato who calls everyone "asswipe" and "butt-munch"!

MAY THE FARCE BE WITH YOU DEPARTMENT

Hi! I'm Princess Laidup! Note that I'm wearing less clothes in this movie than before! That's 'cause my figure's improved! Unfortunately, my acting HASN'T!

I'm Ham Yoyo! And this is my good friend, Chewbacco!

Arg! Arg!
Arrrghh!

But it does make me jealous that he gets the best lines in the movie!!!

Hello! I am Dart Zader! My big kick in life is to threaten and scare people! I got my training working for the I.R.S.!

I'm Landough! I'm proud to be in a movie that gives work to minorities! No, I'm not talking about Blacks! I'm talking about Ewoks, Chirpas, Jubbas and Freens!

I'm Cree-pio! I think I've had it after this movie... unless they want me as The Tin Man in a remake of "The Wizard of Oz"!

I'm Lube Skystalker! In this movie, I find out who my Father is...!

And after this movie, I sure hope your REAL Father has a good business you can go into!!



STAR BORES

RE-HASH OF THE JETT!

How nice to see you, Your Royal Hardhat! You're looking just wonderful! Have you been vacationing out in the sun?

Knock off the small talk! Work on this new Battle Star has not been going fast enough!

But we're already working 14 hours a day!!

Well, then... just double your efforts!

You mean, work 28 hours a day?!

Listen, I'm a sadist, not a mathematician!

This door-knocker makes a strange sound! It goes "Ouch!"

That's 'cause I'm not a door-knocker, Bronze Brain! You're rapping me in the eye!! What do you want??

We've come to see Chubby The Fatt! We have a holograph message for him!

Well, he's busy eating!!

Oh! Er... when will he be finished eating???

Around JUNE!



ARTIST MORT DRUCKER

WRITER DICK DE BARTOLO

Greetings, Your Royal Fattness! I was going to send you a Telegram, but instead... so you can see me... I'm sending this Hologram!

Well... now that I've seen you, I would've preferred a Candygram!

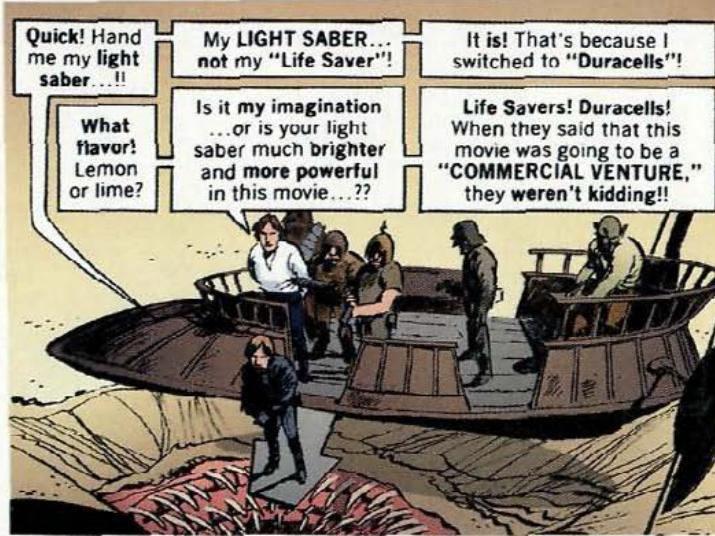
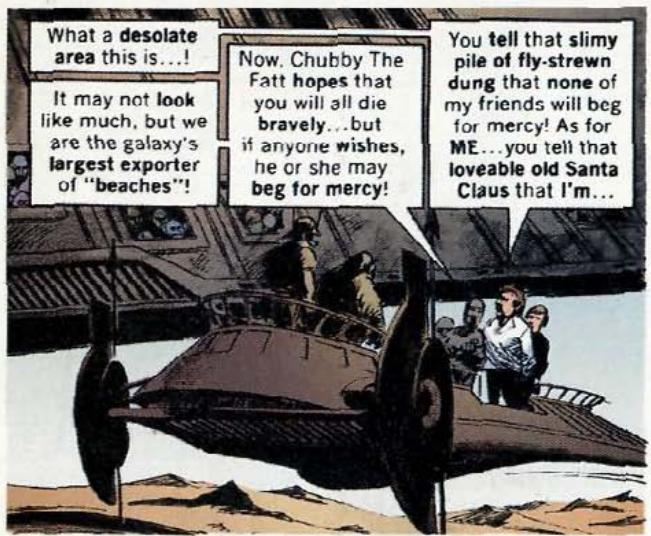
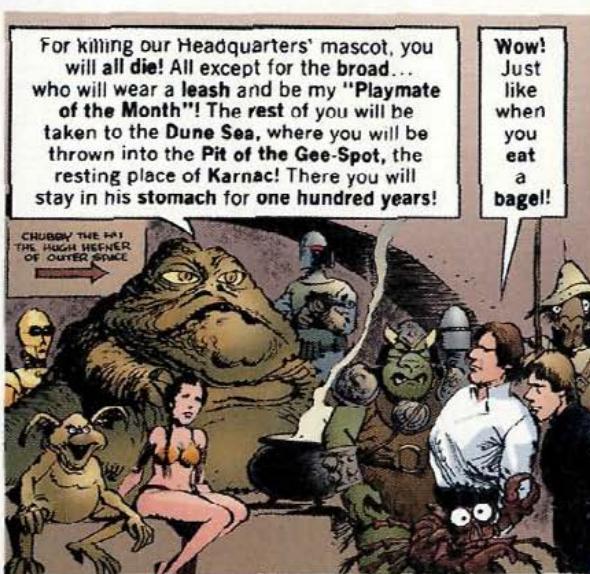
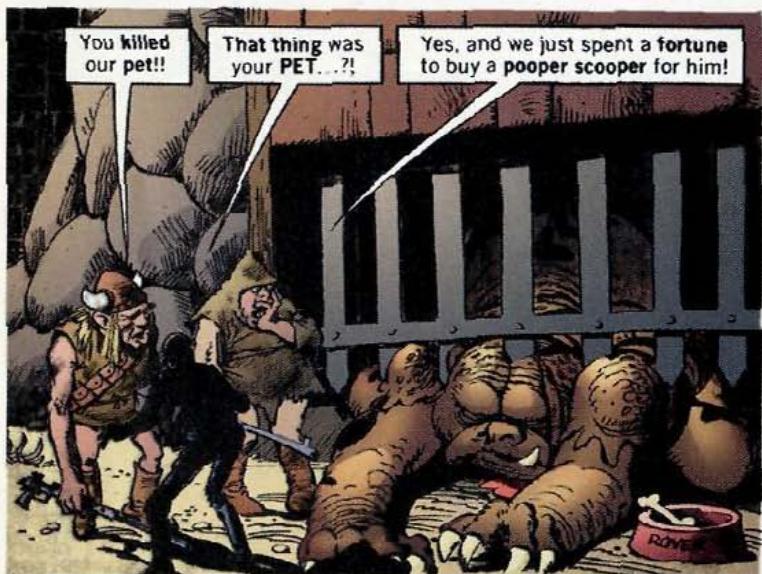
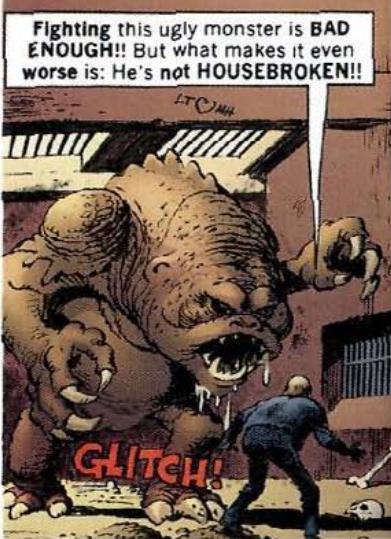
I've come here to bargain for Han Solo's life! But I didn't come here empty-handed! I have a SURPRISE GIFT for you! The TWO DROIDS that brought this message are the gift! The fact that they DON'T KNOW they're the gift is the surprise!

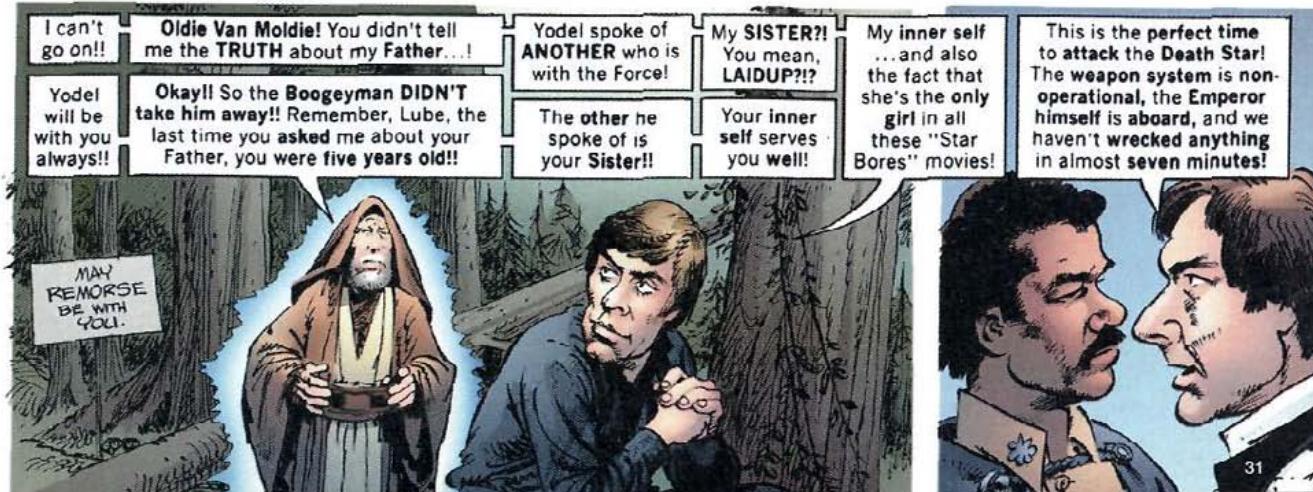
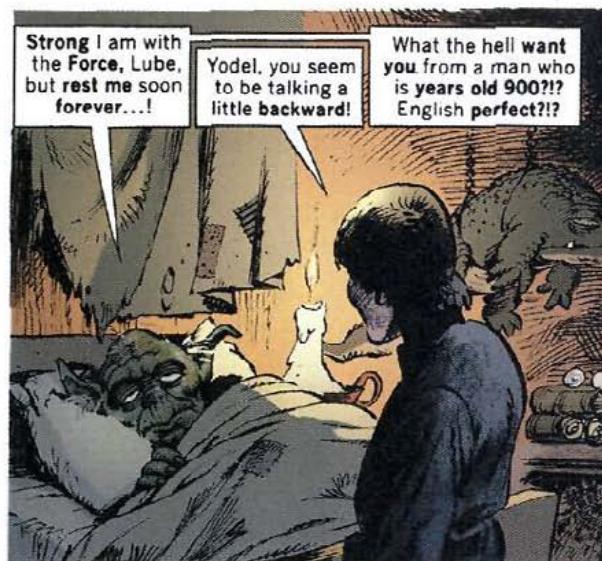
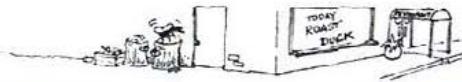
I won't give him up! I like looking at him there... frozen, unfeeling, lifeless... exactly the way he was BEFORE they carbonized him!

I'm here to free you, Ham Yoho! But I've got to admit... you're some remarkable man! Answer me one question! How... if you've been frozen for two and a half years... were you able to make "Raiders Of The Lost Ark" and "Bladerunner"...?

Oh, wow! Morning breath is bad enough!! But after 900 MORNINGS... yecch!!







Now, what we'll use is the same top secret "Attack Plan" we used in the other "Star Bores" movies! Okay, audience... all together now!!

THE CRUISERS WILL CREATE A DIVERSION, WHILE THE FIGHTERS FLY DIRECTLY INTO THE POWER CENTER AND KNOCK OUT THE MAIN REACTOR!!

We've stolen this small imperial shuttle, and disguised it as a Taxi Cab! When they see our Off Duty sign, they'll let us land and we can deactivate the Death Star shield generator!

What is your cargo and your mission?

Our cargo is empty buckets! Our mission is to collect sap from the forest moon trees for the new Inter-Galactic House of Pancakes!

You are cleared! On your way back, bring us a stack of Buckwheats!

BRIECE...
BRIECE...

WHERE ARE YOU, BRIECE?

Wow! Look at this Trooper's Rider! Boy, it must go fast!!

How fast can it go!? It doesn't have any WHEELS!!

Oh-oh! They've spotted us! We'd better take a DEMONSTRATION RIDE!!

One thing's sure! At least we won't have to worry about getting a flat tire!!

Let's make some fast maneuvers, and force them to crash into the trees!

That should STUMP them, but good!

This BARK is worse than its BITE!

I've heard of going back to my ROOTS, but this is really ridiculous!!

Oh-oh! I think I turned over a new leaf!!

Looks like the OAK's on them!! That's the first time in my life I've seen sap going INTO a tree!!

What cute little people! Who are you???

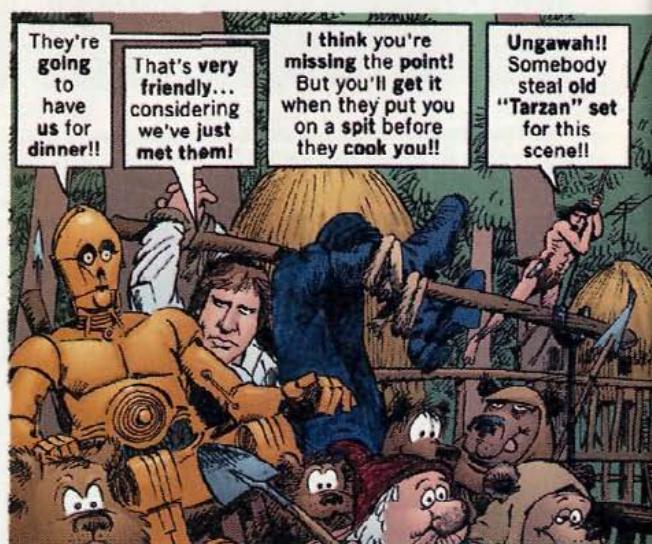
We're the "Earwaks"! We've come to save YOU— and all the DOLL MANUFACTURERS who've been stuck with Yodel and Dart Zader toys! We're the "new generation" of "Star Bores" merchandising!!

Here...! Would you like something to eat?!! They're "Reese's Pieces"...the candy of outer space creatures!

They're going to have us for dinner!!

I think you're missing the point! But you'll get it when they put you on a spit before they cook you!!

Ungawah!! Somebody steal old "Tarzan" set for this scene!!



I'm using my Jeti Powers to float Creepio over the crowd...!

They'll think he's a GOD ...and let us go!!

Of course, if I REALLY knew how to use my powers fully, we would never have been in this jam in the first place!



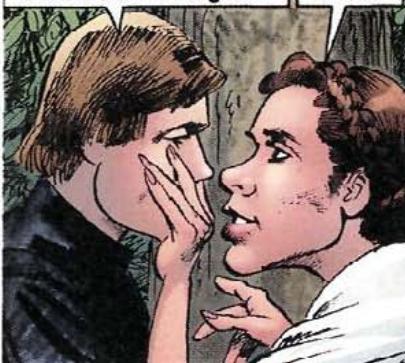
I'm glad you're safe, Laidup! I've got news for you! I just discovered that Dart Zader is my Father, and you're my twin Sister, and Creepio is my twin Brother, and Chewbacco is my Dog, and Barstool is my old Hoover Vacuum Cleaner, and—

Gee, is this "Star Bores" ...or "All my Children"??!



Now I must go and confront Dart Zader! He may seem all bad, but I firmly believe that in every bad, there's some good! And in every darkness, there's some light! And in every evil act, there's some regret—

...and in every long speech, there's some boredom! So GO!!



Hi, Dad!! Yes, I KNOW you're my Father! I've come to bring you back to the good side! I refuse to abandon you to the dark side —because I love you! And if it means losing my life, so be it!

That's some talk—coming from a Son who never phoned or dropped me a line in over ten light years!!



Welcome, Lube Skystalker! I've been expecting you! In time you will call me "Master"!

I'll probably call you a lot of things, but "Master" won't be one of them!!

If you think your friends will save you, you are mistaken! The battle is under way, and they're being soundly defeated! Look out that port and see for yourself! And if you want a closer view, put a quarter in the telescope!



Good! Good! The hate is swelling in you! Give in to your anger, Lube! Soon, you will do my bidding! Soon, you will be my servant...!!

No! NO! I will NEVER be your servant!

However ...how about I make you some lunch??

...Or perhaps you'd like me to dust the furniture... or wax the floors... or brush your robe... or shine your shoes?



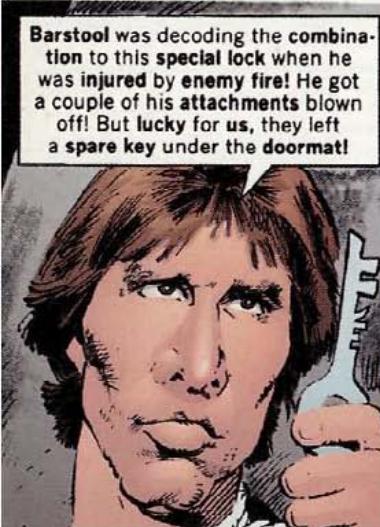
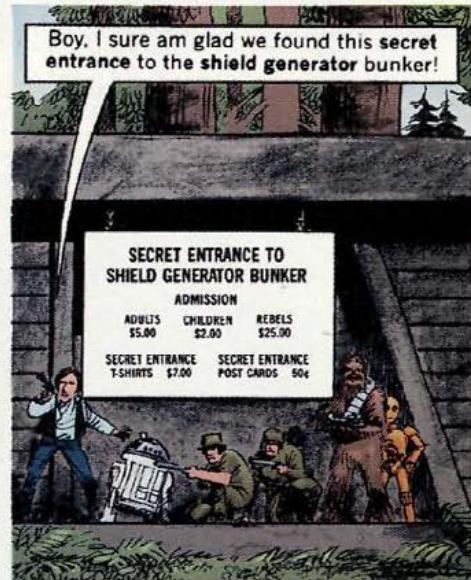
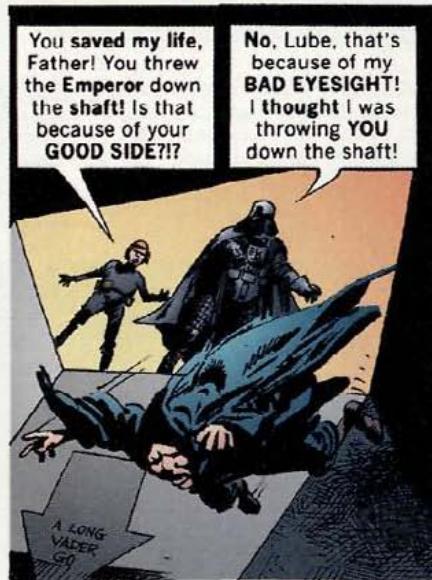
Come, Lube... fight for your life...!!

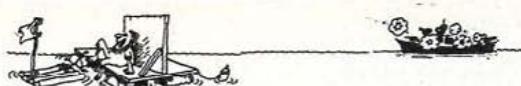
You didn't kill me the last time we battled! Why would you want to kill me NOW?!

Because last time, the good side of my evil side was the stronger side! But this time, the evil side of my good side is the much stronger side!

And now, it's really hard to tell WHICH side you're on!!







Hah! The Emperor thinks that this little band of rebels attempting to destroy his Death Star is nothing more than a "Mickey Mouse Operation"! Well, he's **WRONG**, isn't he, gang?!



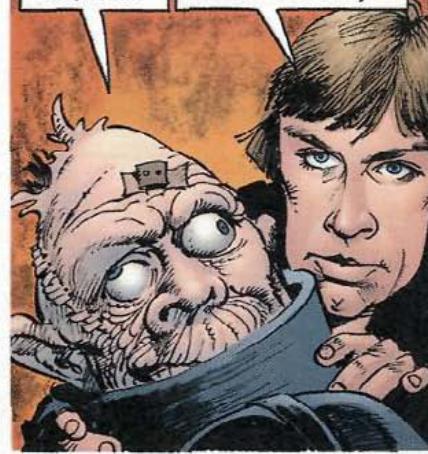
Holy Cosmos! The Death Star is **FULLY OPERATIONAL**! How could they have gotten it ready on such **short notice**??!

Obviously, they used **NON-UNION** labor!



Thanks for helping me take my mask off, Lube!

No problem! I'm just —uh—glad I got all my looks from **MOM**'s side of the family!

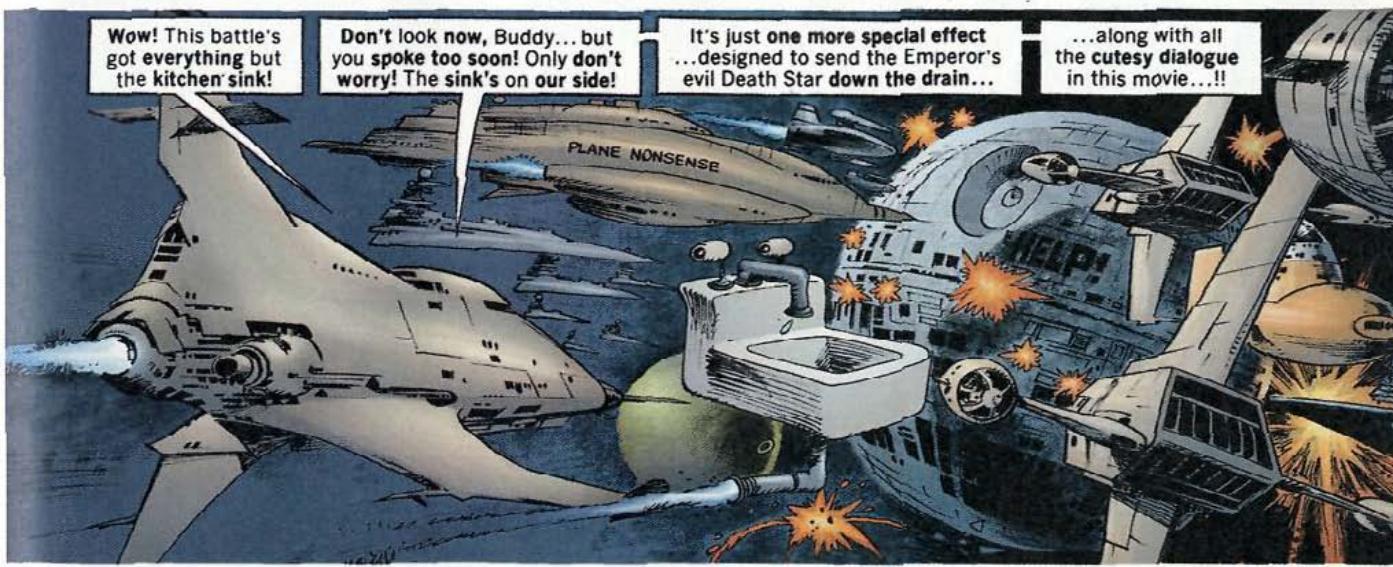


Wow! This battle's got everything but the kitchen sink!

Don't look now, Buddy... but you spoke too soon! Only don't worry! The sink's on our side!

It's just one more special effect...designed to send the Emperor's evil Death Star down the drain...

...along with all the cutesy dialogue in this movie...!!



There goes the Death Star! But where's Lube?

Don't worry! I'm sure he's safe! And when he comes back, I won't stand between you two!

Yoyo, you yo-yo! I love Lube as a Brother, because he IS my Brother!

Then, you and I can get married?

I'm not sure! I think you're my Uncle!!



Wasn't it lucky that Laidup and Yoyo were only Second Cousins...and could get married?!

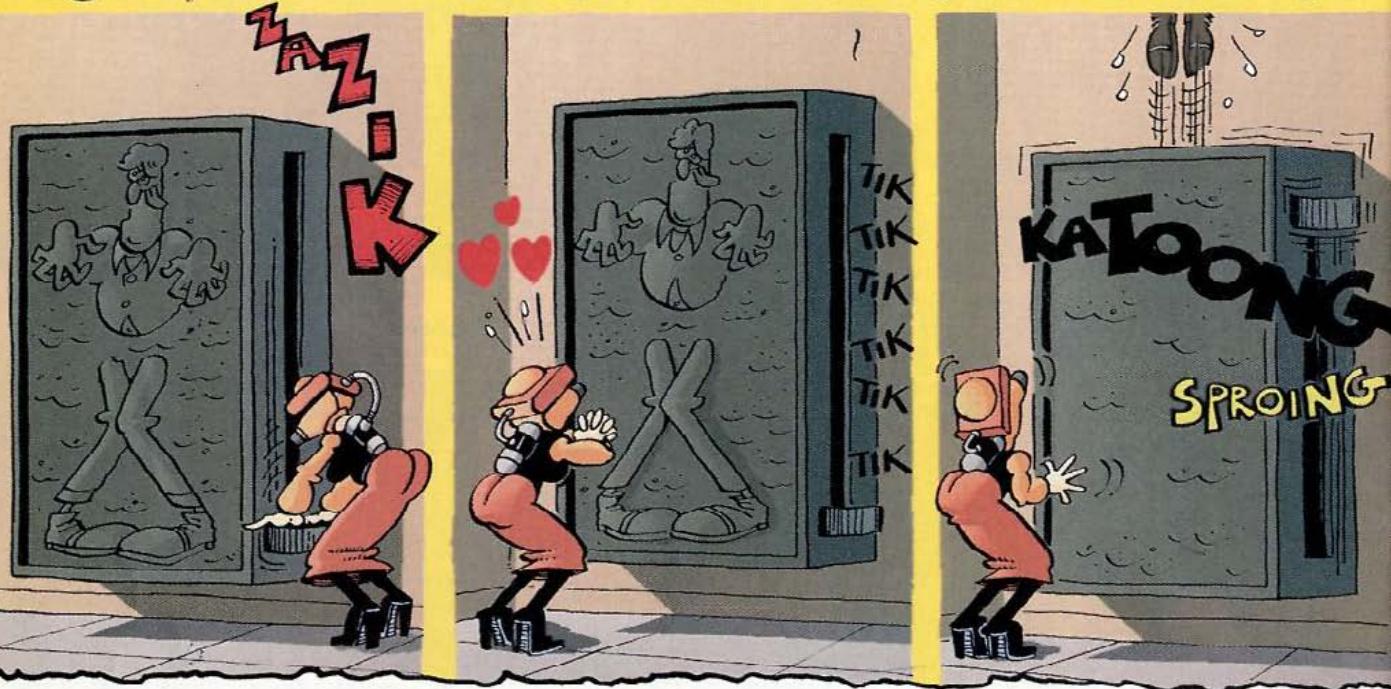
Yeah, great! But what a strange wedding this is! I've never USHERED at a wedding where the guests were divided into THREE groups...

The **BRIDE**'s side of the family... the **GROOM**'s side of the family... and the **DEAD** side of the family!!



DON MARTIN'S

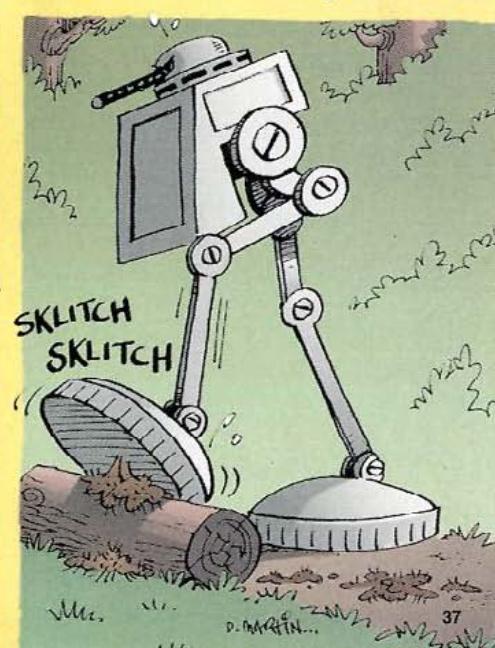
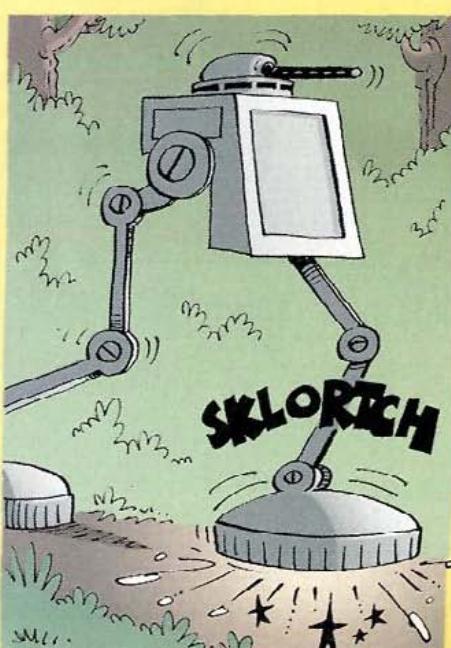
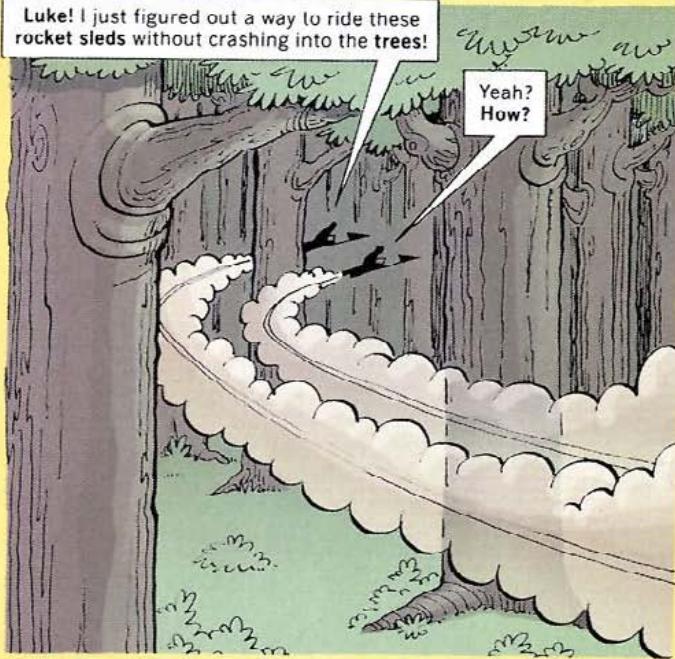
RETURN OF
THE JEDI

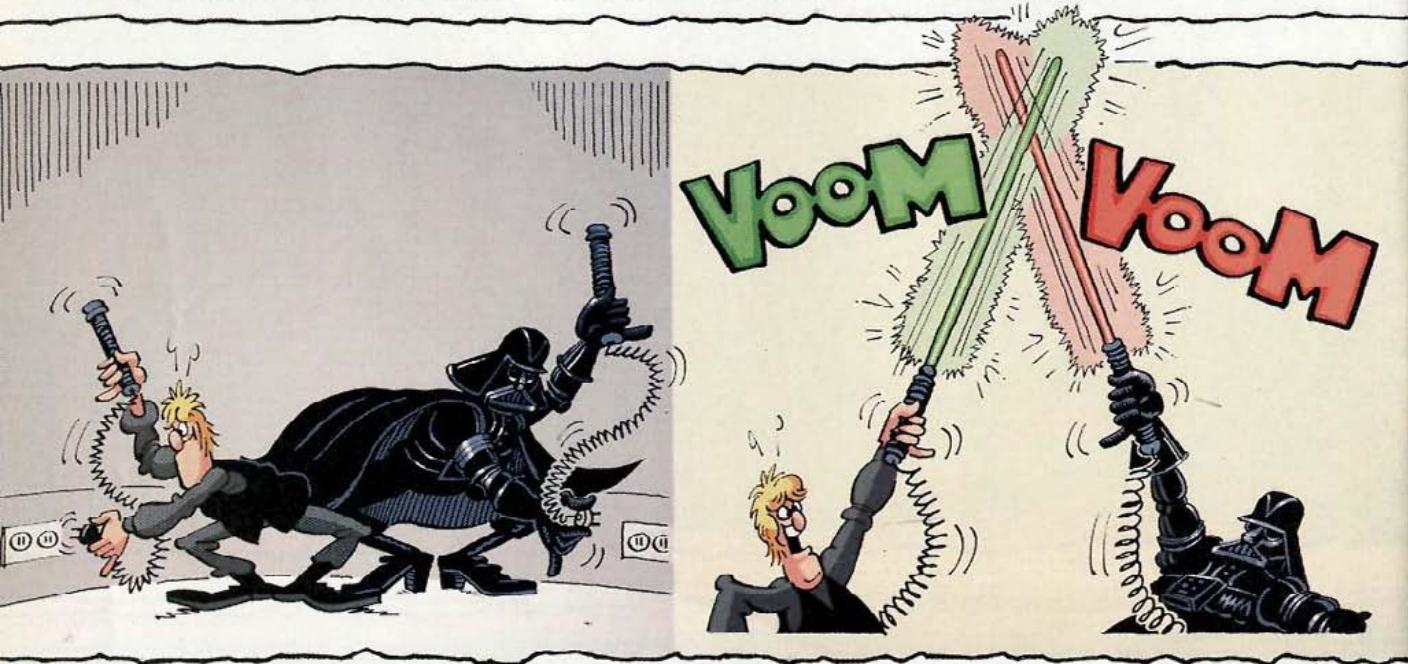
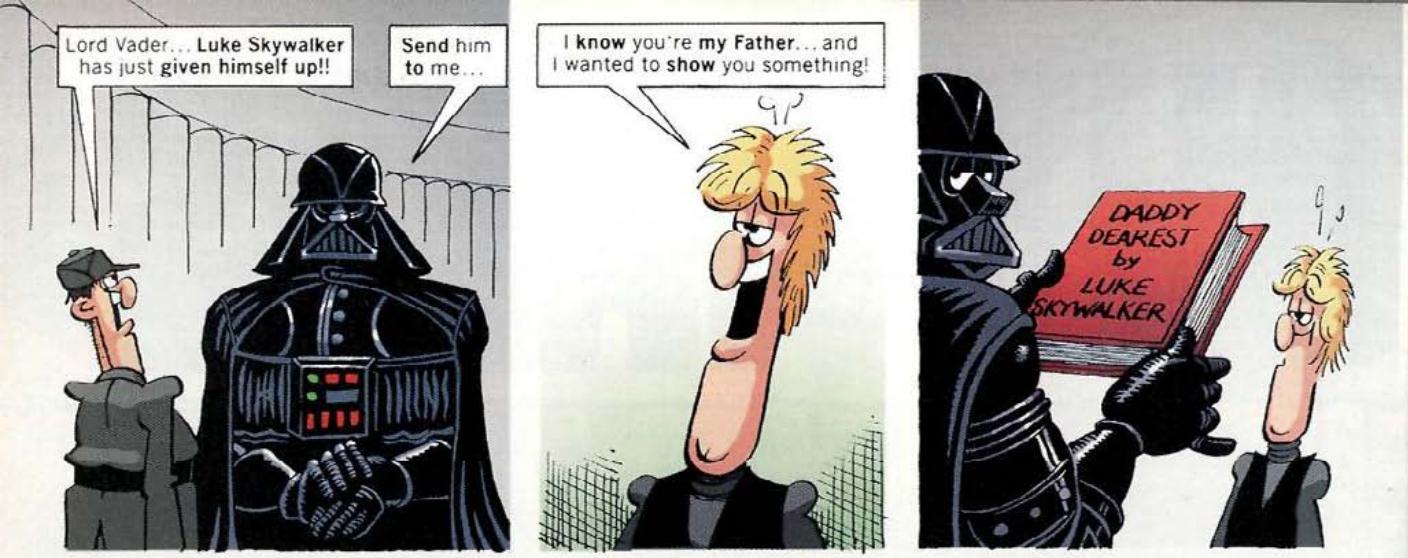


OUT-TAKES

Luke! I just figured out a way to ride these rocket sleds without crashing into the trees!

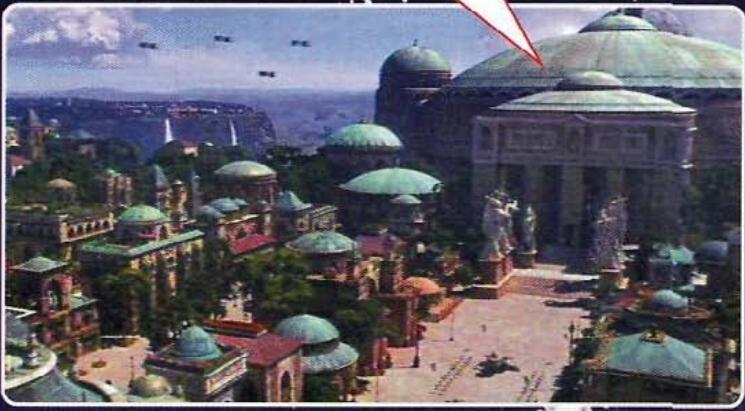
Yeah?
How?

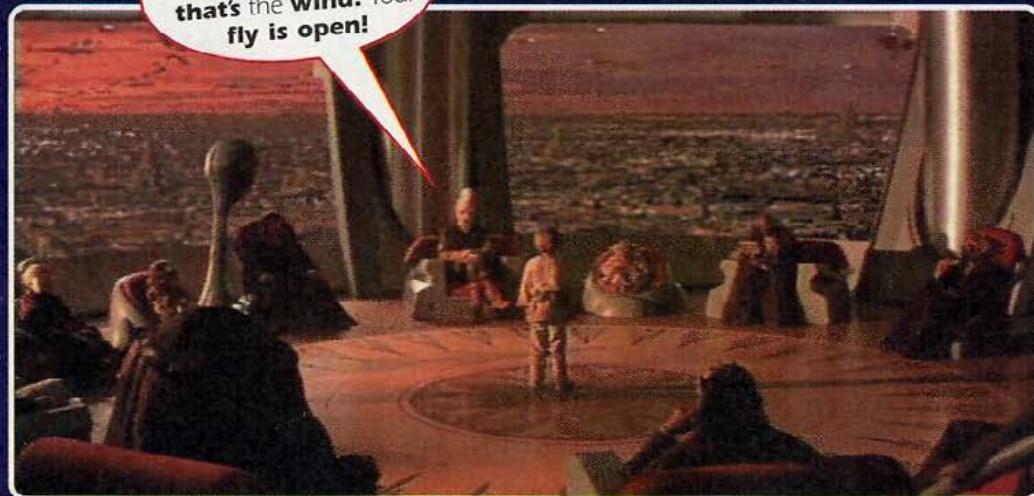
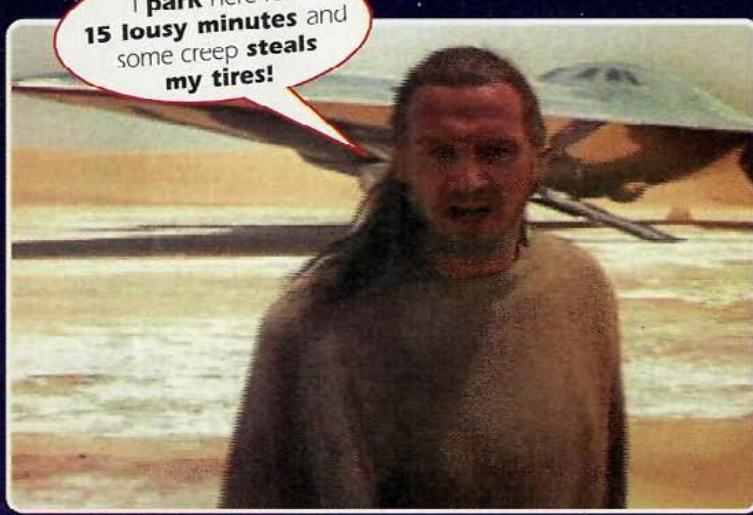
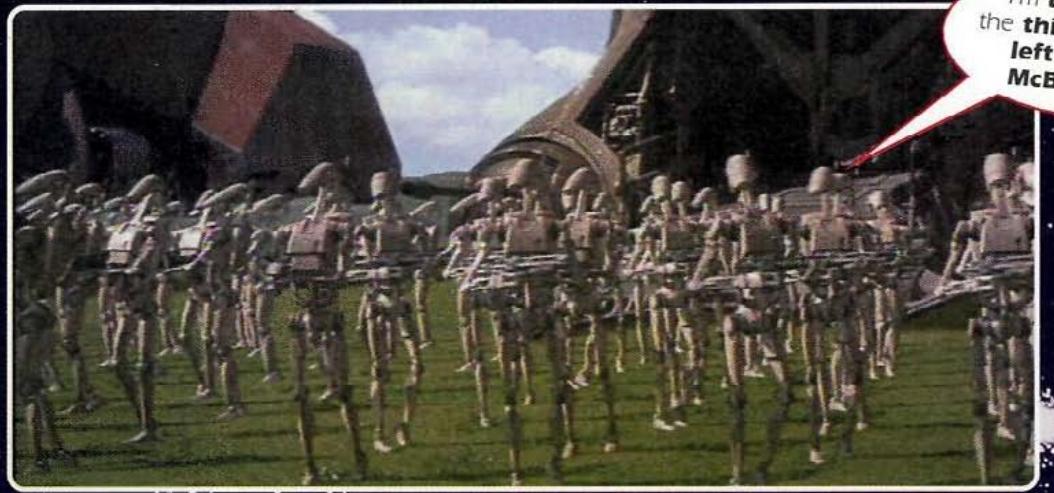




THE STILLS ARE ALIVE DEPT.
Found in a dumpster
a mere 3000 miles from
George Lucas' Skywalker Ranch,
MAD now proudly presents...

MISSING DIALOGUE from THE PHANTOM MENACE





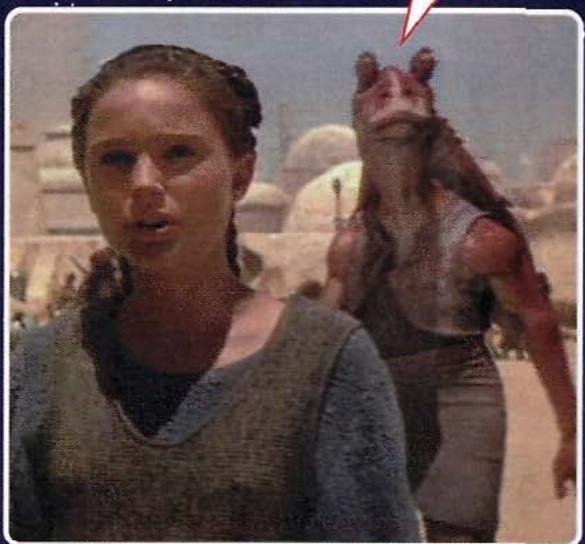
\$38.50 for
THESE crappy
seats?!? Damn that
TicketMaster!



Choke up...
Eyes steady...
Wait for a
good pitch...



Yipes! What
an ugly bitch!



Next time, I'm
flying First Class!



SPACE OPERA DEPT.

Once, not too long ago in our galaxy, we were invaded by a movie called "Star Wars" . . . and it was so spectacularly successful that it led to further exploits of "Star Wars" such as posters and dolls and toys and jewelry and coloring books. We feel that it's only a matter of time before we are assaulted by the ultimate "Star Wars" spin-off . . . namely, a musical based on the movie. With this in mind, let's look into the future, as the Editors of MAD present

THE THE MA



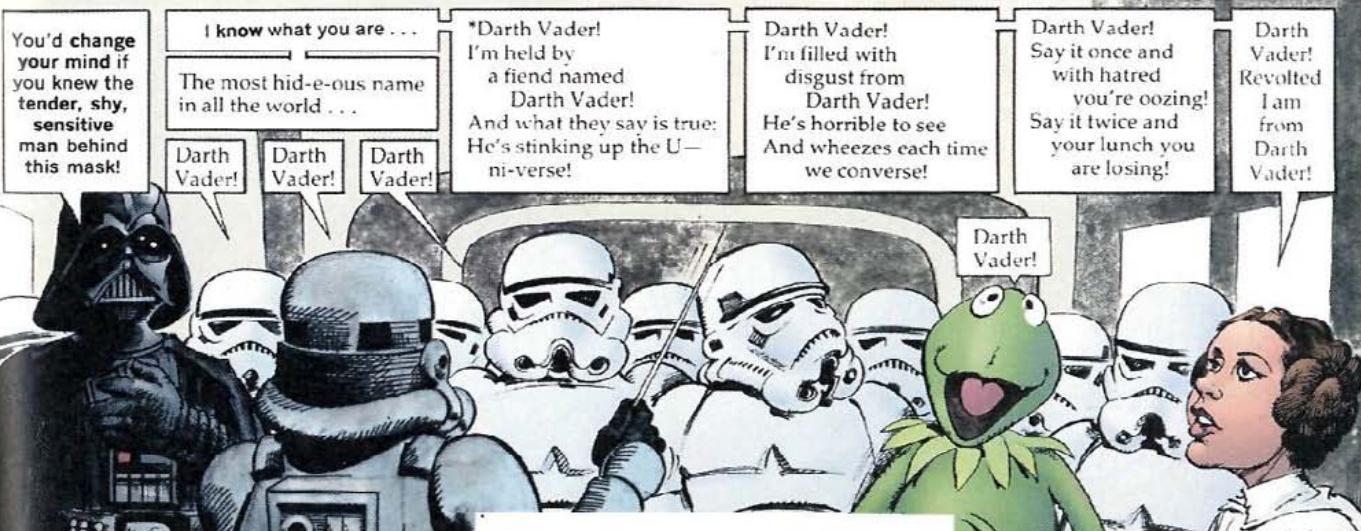
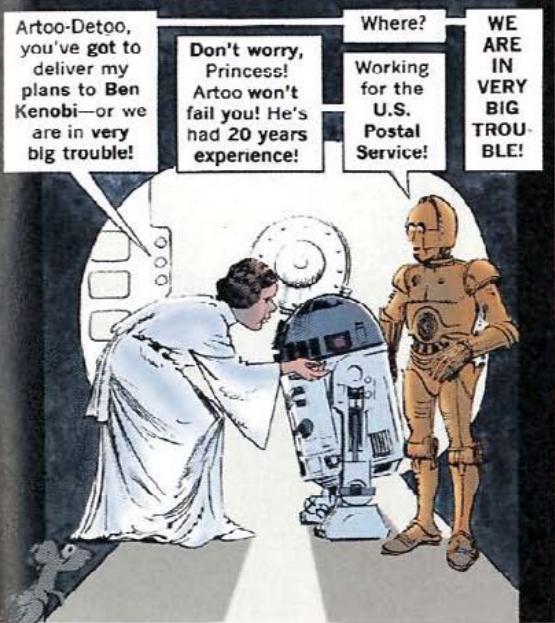
*Sung to the tune of "Cabaret"

FORCE AND I

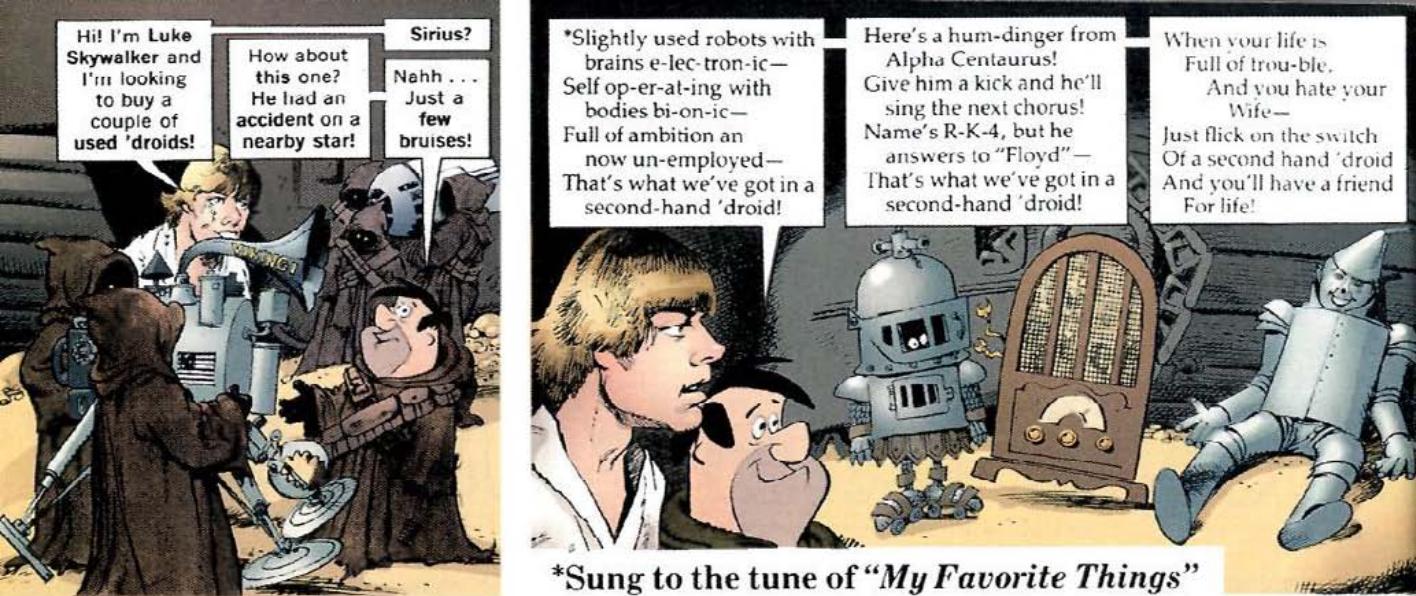
D "STAR WARS" MUSICAL

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

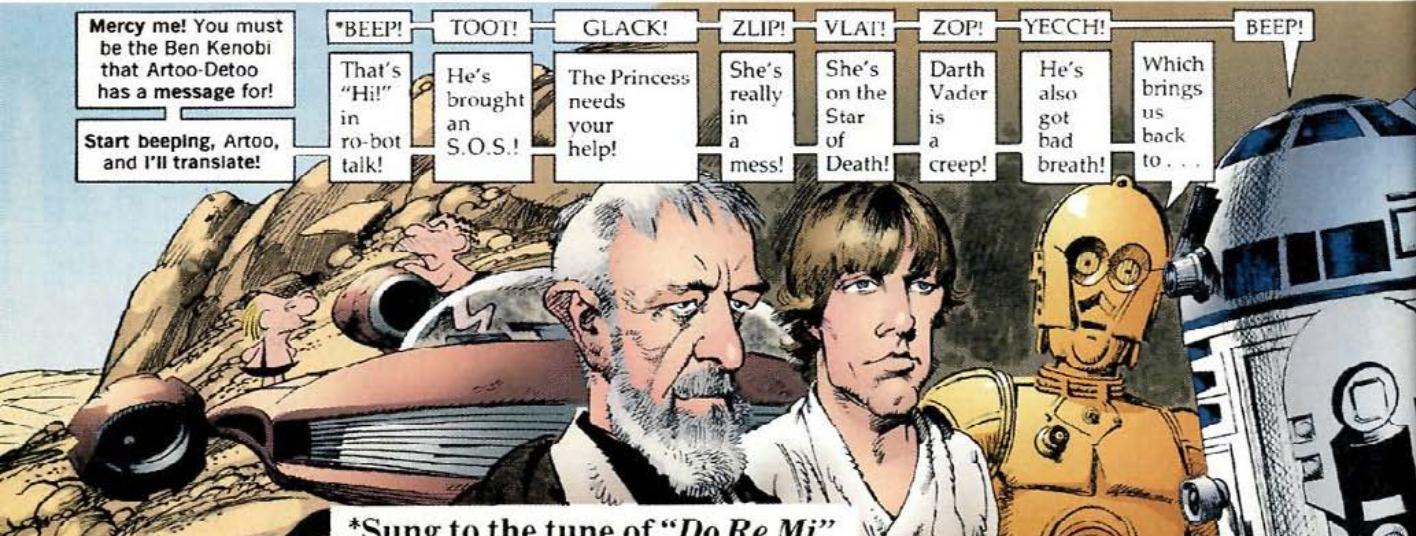
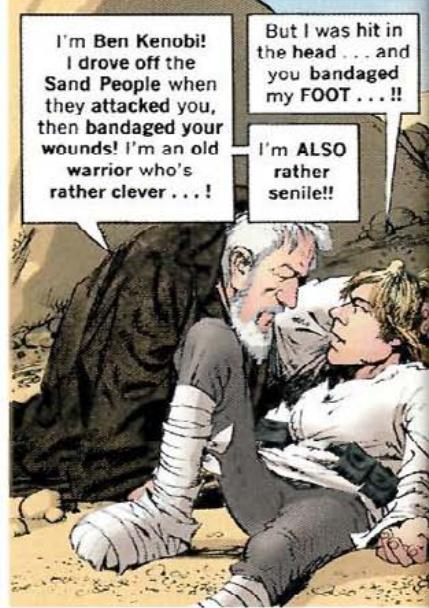
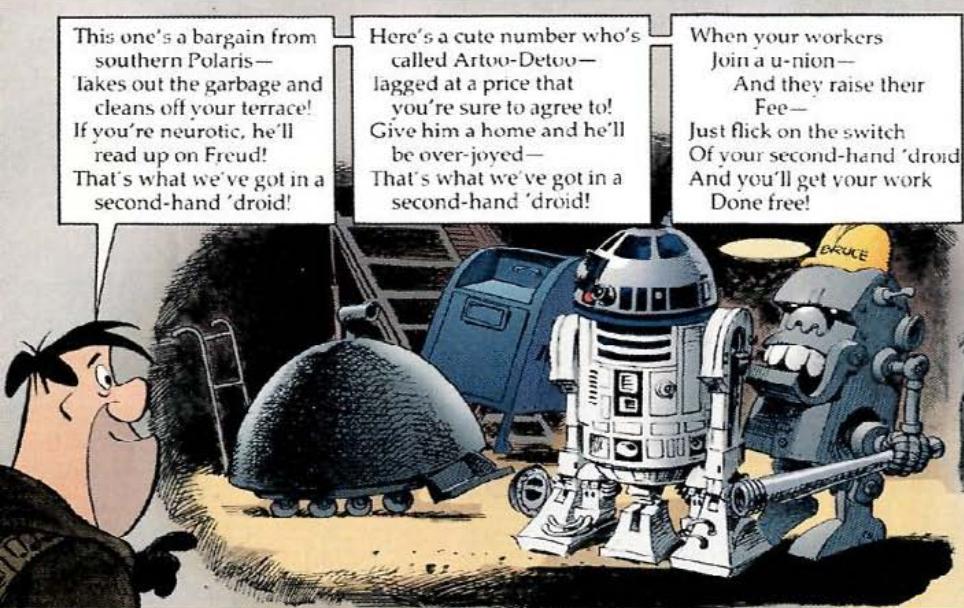
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



*Sung to the tune of "Maria"



***Sung to the tune of "My Favorite Things"**

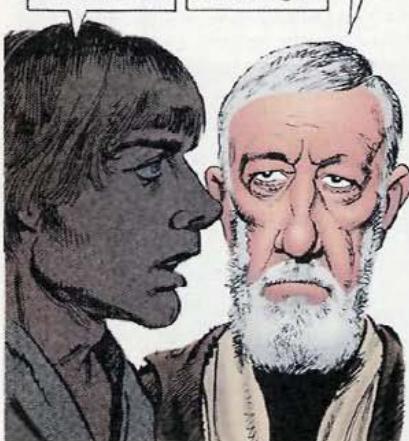


***Sung to the tune of "Do Re Mi"**

Being a farm boy, I don't know very much about the outside world! What's a Death Star?

A man-made planet . . . where they're holding Princess Leia, who's a very beautiful girl!

What's a girl?



Bartender, give me a double!

Here's mud in your eyes!

Hi, there! I'm a Taurus!

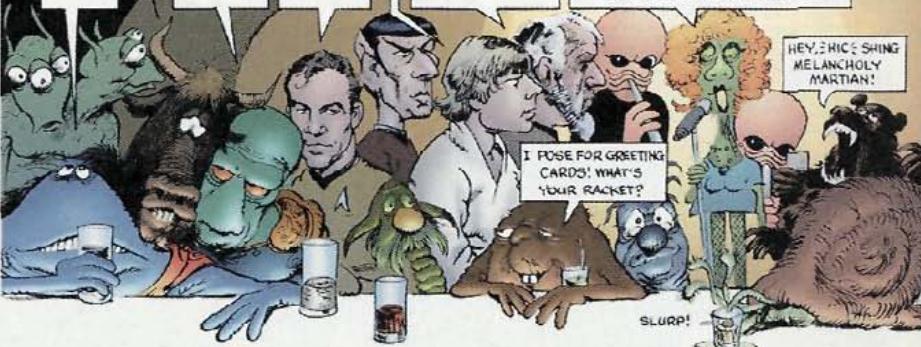
I never would have guessed!

Spock, I think we beamed down to the wrong show!

I've never seen a band like that!

They're something like "Punk Rock" . . . only with CLASS!!

*By the time I get to Vega, she'll be meltin' — An' sure enough, she'll be thinkin' we're involved! I'll give her a hug, then tell her it's all over, 'Cause I know in just an hour she'll be dissolved!



*Sung (briefly) to "By The Time I Get To Phoenix"

How are you going to get Han Solo to fly us away from here?

I'll use the FORCE on him!

I'll fly you wherever you want!

I'll even risk my life if necessary!

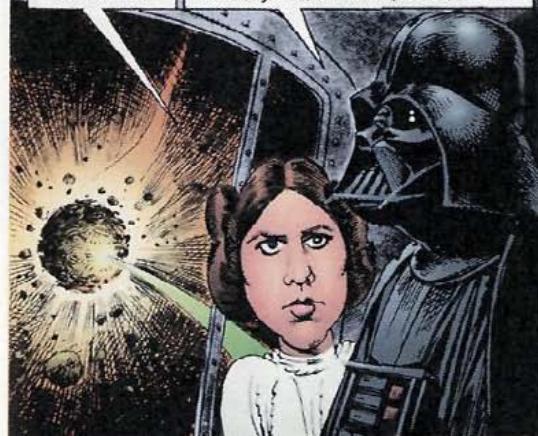
Like HECK I will! You'll pay CASH . . . or we're not flying anywhere!

GROWR!!



You—you blew up Alderaan and killed 500 million people! Why?!? WHY . . . ?!

Partly for urban renewal . . . partly to provide the audience with some dazzling effects . . . but mainly to introduce my big number, which will describe my daily routine as the Galaxy's most evil Space Lord . . .



*Each day . . . I must prepare to look my best For each attack here! I love . . . The cape I wear— I'm always dressed In basic black here!

I then . . . Put on my mask— I have it shined Each week on Friday! And this . . . Should tell you how I'm starting My day!

At noon . . . I have a meal Of molten lead On shredded granite! And if . . . Depressed I feel, I wipe out dead A passing planet!



Each world . . . That's blown to bits Can turn a low Into a high day! And this . . . Should tell you how I'm spending My day!



*Sung to the tune of "My Way"

Then later on . . .
'Bout half-past three,
I ter-ror-ize
A gal-ax-y!
I blast their ships!
They pay the price—
Until they call
Me "Mister Nice!"

To me
they bow!
And that
is how—
I'm
spending
my
day!

At four . . .
I burn alive
A rebel crew
That I am seizing!
And then . . .
Just after five,
When work is through,
I practice wheezing!

I've had . . .
A nif-ty time—
Real peachy-keen—
An apple-pie day!
And that . . .
Should tell you how
I'm spending
My day!

But should someone say
My breath is bad—
Well, golly gee.
That makes me mad!
He'll find his fate
Is rather grim
When I bend down
And breathe on him!

And as
he dies—
With
awful
cries—
**I'M
ENDING
MY DAY!**



What is it, Ben?

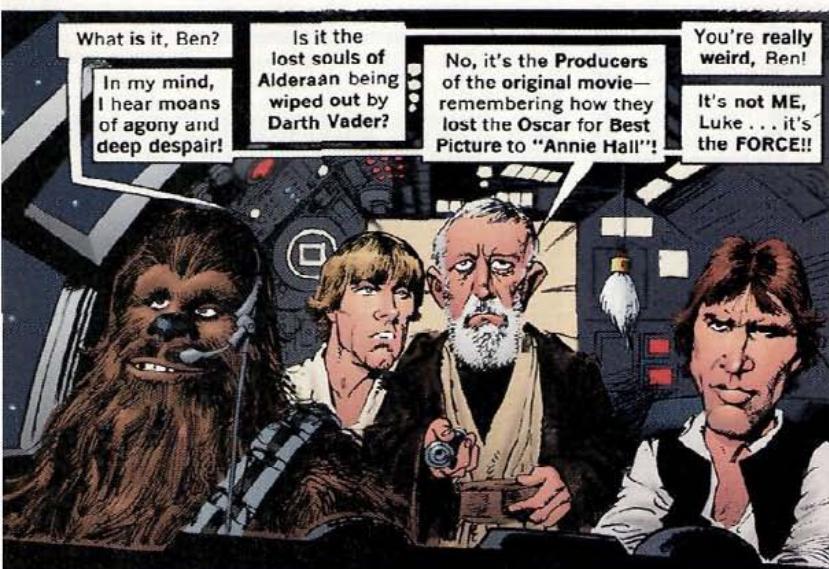
In my mind,
I hear moans
of agony and
deep despair!

Is it the
lost souls of
Alderaan being
wiped out by
Darth Vader?

No, it's the Producers
of the original movie—
remembering how they
lost the Oscar for Best
Picture to "Annie Hall"!

You're really
weird, Ben!

It's not ME,
Luke . . . it's
the FORCE!!



*Like it's seeing what's around you
When your eyes are tightly shut,
Living through those countless insults
When you're called a harmless nut,
And it's getting up tomorrow
Though you think it's yesterday,
And it's finding there's no meaning
To the far-out things you say.



***Sung to the tune of
"The Windmills of Your Mind"**

And a part of you is floating
While the rest of you stays here,
And you have the strong suspicion
It's not helping your career—
Which is what
You seem to find
When the Force
Controls your mind!

Words that boggle all your senses,
Lines that leave you in a fog,
While you try to get the meaning
Of this nothing dialogue,
And it's feeling kind of useless
From this song that you can't sing,
Like a yoyo that you're spinning
With your head caught in the string,

And you look into a mirror
And decide that you are strange;
So you babble on forever
Knowing you will never change—
Which is what
You seem to find
When the Force
Controls your mind!



Years ago, my great portrayals
Were acclaimed throughout the globe;
Now I'm up here suffocating
In this worn-out, smelly robe;
Still I guess I should be thankful
That I've managed to survive,
Though I should have stayed retired
'Cause I'm over 65,



Now I'm on this leaky space-ship
Where for me there's no escape,
With a greedy, gung-ho pilot
And a screaming 10-foot ape.
Plus an adolescent kid who's
Never seen the Milky Way,
With a robot who keeps beeping
And a 'droid I think is gay.

And I know I'll meet Darth Vader
And soon after that I'll die,
And I'm thinking on the whole
That I prefer the River Kwai—
And I wish I could unwind,
But I find I'm in a bind
'Cause the Force
Controls my mind!



We rescued the
Princess, and now
we're trapped in
this garbage pit!

This is See-Threepio! I'm
not at home right now, but
if you leave your name and
number at the sound of the beep,
I'll get back to you
just as soon as I can . . .

Don't worry!
I'm phoning
See-Threepio
for help . . .

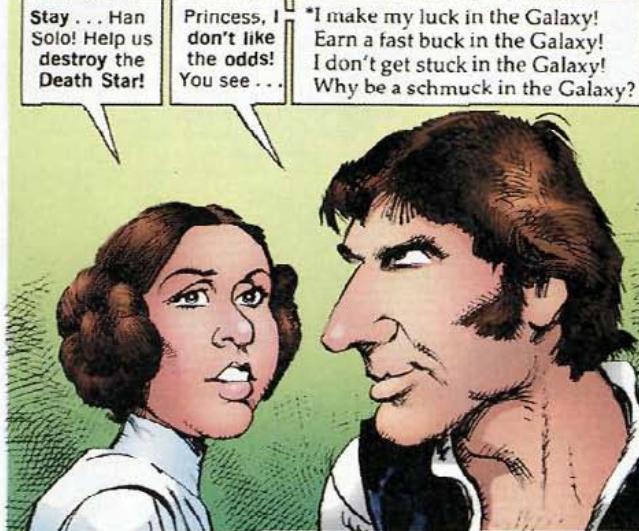
Boy, I hate phone—
answering machines!!



Stay . . . Han
Solo! Help us
destroy the
Death Star!

Princess, I
don't like
the odds!
You see . . .

*I make my luck in the Galaxy!
Earn a fast buck in the Galaxy!
I don't get stuck in the Galaxy!
Why be a schmuck in the Galaxy?



Help us to blow up the Death Star!

Why don't you rent out a Hertz Car?

If you run out, we just might lose!

I'll watch it all on the late news!

I make good bread
in the Galaxy!
I'm not misled
in the Galaxy!
I use my head
in the Galaxy—
So I'm not dead
in the Galaxy!



*Sung to the tune of "I Like It Here In America"

We've got to wipe out the Death Star!

Crazy, I think, is what you are!

Being so greedy is not nice!

I'd sell Chewbacca at half price!

Darth Vader's rough
in the Galaxy!
He's got the stuff
in the Galaxy!
You can hang tough
in the Galaxy!
I've had enough
in the Galaxy!



Stay here and fight off the Death Star!

I'm off to Mars, which is quite far!

We'll be attacking them real soon!

Drop me a post card on Nep-tune!

One thing is clear
in the Galaxy!
Your end is near
in the Galaxy!
You'll disappear
in the Galaxy—
While I'm still here
in the Galaxy!!



Here I am,
the only
pilot left
who can de-
stroy the
Death Star!
Help me,
Ben ...

Use the
Force,
Luke!

The Force
knows how
to find the
target, Luke!

The Force
knows how
to hit the
target, Luke!

The
Force
also
knows
how to
cover
up, Luke!

Okay, Artoo! What
do we do when we
face almost cer-
tain death? What
ELSE?! We sing!!

*We're . . . off to kill the bad guys—
And blow them right out of the sky!
If we should miss
Then you can all kiss
Our buddies back there good-bye!



But you can be certain we'll kill the foe
By striking the blow
That lays them low—
Because, because, because, because—I know
There's only one way we can end this show!

TWEETLE
-BEEP-
TWEETLE
-DE-BO!

We're off to kill
the bad guys—
And blow them
right out of
the sky!



Well, Princess, this is
the end, right? We did it!
We wiped out the Death Star
and made the Galaxy safe
for Democracy! Now, we can
live happily ever after in
peace and freedom! Right?

Wrong, Luke!
This CAN'T be
the end! We're
going to keep on
going, because
we still have
THE FORCE!!



*Sung to the tune of "We're Off To See The Wizard"

*We've grown accustomed
to the Force
That pulls in people
to this show!
We've grown accustomed
to the gross—
No other show comes close!

We're big! We're hot!
A smash . . .
we've got—
With tons of
money pouring in
From fans who
make our profits grow!

Although we could have
killed Darth Vader,
It was not the
thing to do!
We'll need him in the
future when we
Bring out "Star Wars II"!

We've grown
accustomed
to the clout—
The way we
all made out—
Ac-customed
to the
Force!!



48 *Sung to the tune of "I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face"

**WHERE ARE
SOME VERY
SUCCESSFUL
ACTORS
COMING FROM
LATELY?**

**HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN**

Actors come from a variety of places, such as neighborhood theaters, summer stock, local TV, repertory companies, etc. But lately, actors are coming from a really unique place. To find out what that place is, fold in page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



@Jaffee

THESPians TODAY ARE PLAYING EVERYTHING...FROM
MACBETH TO LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE. WHEN SPOTLIGHTS SHINE
SHOW FOLKS WORK TIRELESSLY UNTIL THEY REACH THE TOP

A

B

ONE DAY ON THE SNOWY PLAINS OF KOTH

BOOM BOOM BOOM
BOOM BOOM BOOM

